

POEMS

INTENDED TO PROMOTE

PIETY AND VIRTUE

IN THE MINDS OF

YOUNG PEOPLE.

SELECTED BY RACHEL BARCLAY.

THE SECOND EDITION.

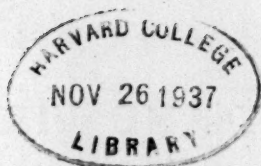
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INTRODUCTION.

AS several of the Readers of the first edition of this Selection, have expressed a wish that a sketch of the character of RACHEL BARCLAY might accompany it, the following is attempted by one who was intimately acquainted with her.

SHE was the daughter of SAMPSON and RACHEL LLOYD, of Birmingham, and was born in 1743. When about thirteen years of age, she lost a valuable mother; but, her father being a man of unaffected piety, possessing great natural and acquired abilities, and clothed with the beautiful covering of humility, she derived many advantages from his example and advice. Few of her sex equalled her in the grammatical knowledge of the English language, or were more conversant in the useful parts

of the mathematicks, natural philosophy, and astronomy. She wrote a remarkably fine hand, and could draw well, but was of opinion, that to excel in this art, further than to describe with the pencil what would require many words to elucidate, engrossed too much time. By nature she was quick, lively, and inclined to a strong will; but, by the benign influence of religion, those dispositions were softened down into the meekness of wisdom. Her manners were easy, unaffected, and engaging; her good sense very conspicuous, and improved by serious reflections on those objects which enlarge the mind, and impress just ideas of the infinite wisdom of Providence in all his works. The study of botany was one of her favourite amusements; she collected specimens of a great number of English plants, and placed them, when dried, in systematic order.

IN 1767, she was married to DAVID BARCLAY,* of London. She had no children of her own, but she assiduously attended to the improvement of her husband's

* Grandson of Robert Barclay, of Ury in Scotland, author of the "Apology for the True Christian Divinity," first published 1675, in which the principles of the Society called Quakers, are explained and defended. Both families were members of this Society.

daughter by his first wife : her success in this engagement was amply manifested in the conduct and character of that amiable young woman (who married **RICHARD GURNEY**, of Norwich †). She undertook likewise the education of three of her own nieces who had lost a valuable mother, and who are now living. But during all these laudable avocations, she never forgot the exigencies of the poor : to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, alleviate the distress of the sick and the afflicted, was her daily study, as well as to attend to the education of their children. One servant was almost constantly employed in executing her directions on this head, to dispense food, raiment, or medicines.

SHE instituted several schools in the extensive parish of Standon, in Hertfordshire; and in that which was immediately under her own inspection, thirty girls, from eight to fourteen years of age, were taught to read, sew, spin, and knit, and some of them to write, and all of them formed for those domestic occupations which are suitable to the labouring class of the people. For the use of this school,

† See a character of her in the Monthly Ledger, a miscellaneous publication, Vol. iii. No. 9.

materials were purchased at the best hand, and were made by the children into various articles of clothing, and sold at a moderate profit; by which means they were annually supplied with clothes suited to their station. As she was of opinion, that assisting poor women, when by the birth of their children they were necessarily confined, was particularly advantageous to them and their families, she sent a widow belonging to the parish to one of the lying-in hospitals in London, to be instructed in the practice of midwifery, and she enabled her to attend the poor gratis. On these occasions, each woman had a loan of suitable linen, and a gift of clothing for the child, with money to purchase other necessaries, if too distantly situated to be supplied from her own house.

But the species of distress which most excited her compassion was that of worthy aged widows, when, on the decease of their husbands, they were sent to a parish workhouse, too frequently to herd with the most profligate. She therefore endeavoured to alleviate the sufferings of that class of people, as far as was in her power, by building a house (since endowed) at Wadesmill, in the parish of Standon, for the residence of four widows be-

longing to that parish, in order that they might spend the remainder of their lives quietly by their own fire-sides.

To effect these and other charitable purposes, she observed strict economy in her own person, furniture, and table, always remembering, that what was saved in those respects, added to the fund for the poor; and she often expressed a fear, that these considerations were not sufficiently attended to by those in affluence.

LIKE her father, she was uncommonly conversant in the sacred writings, and much promoted the reading of them in her family. She did not allow any common avocation to interfere with her usual practice of retiring into her own apartment every evening; thinking it necessary in order to fulfil her *civil* as well as *religious* duties, to endeavour to obtain divine assistance, by frequently communing with her own heart. Although her religious acts were so private, so free from ostentation, that, except by the effects produced, they were known to few; yet, the circumspection of conduct resulting from this practice, was conspicuous in her family. Her employment was circumscribed during the latter part of her life, in consequence of a failure in her sight, so that she was

obliged to have recourse to others to read to her from religious and moral books ; and those passages which she had marked with her own hand when she had ability to read them herself, often appeared peculiarly grateful to her.

AMONG her papers were found the following Poems, which she had selected, from an opinion that they might tend to the improvement and innocent pleasure of the rising generation. Those which are added in this edition have been discovered since the publication of the first Edition.

IN 1792, this excellent woman died, in the 49th year of her age, after a few days severe illness, which soon deprived her of the power of speech ; previously to which, her expressions denoted that she enjoyed a happy state of mind. Her death was most sincerely lamented by her affectionate husband, her numerous connections, domestics, and neighbours of every description.

CONTENTS,

WITH THE
NAMES OF THE AUTHORS.

	PAGE
ELIZABETH CARTER.	
BIRTH-DAY Thoughts	1
To a Friend	4
Night Reflection	6
On the Death of a Youth	9
On a Watch	10
To ———	11
To ———	13
Ode	15
To ———	17
To ———	18
To ———	19
JOSEPH ADDISON.	
On Gratitude	21
A Hymn	23
A Hymn	25
Part of Psalm XIX.	26
—— Psalm XXIII.	27
ISAAC WATTS.	
Part of Psalm CXIV.	28
ALEXANDER POPE.	
Ode on Solitude	30
Messiah	31
The Universal Prayer	35
THOMAS PARNELL.	
To Contentment	37

JOHN GAY.

The Shepherd and the Philosopher 40

JOHN MILTON.

A Morning Hymn 43

NATHANIEL COTTON.

The Fire Side 46

To-Morrow 50

RICHARD JAGO.

The Goldfinches 51

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The Vanity of Human Wishes 55

RICHARD JAGO.

The Swallows.—Part I. . . . 69

————— Part II. . . . 72

JOHN GILES.

On hearing the Bell toll for the Death of a Friend . . 74

The Robin: an Elegy 77

M. PENNINGTON.

Ode to a Thrush 79

JOHN GILES.

A Winter Thought 80

JAMES MERRICK.

The Bears and the Bees: a Fable 83

THOMAS COLE.

The Grotto: an Ode to Silence 84

H. T.

Paradise Restored 87

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Day: a Pastoral—Morning 91

————— Noon 93

————— Evening 94

CONTENTS.

xi

PAGE

ANONYMOUS.

An Ancient Poem 96

LÆTITIA AIKEN, *now* BARBAULD.

On the Death of the Author's Grandmother . . . 98

Hymn 99

Hymn 101

Hymn 103

An Address to the Deity 104

JOHN SCOTT.

Elegies Descriptive and Moral.

—— I. Written at the approach of Spring . . . 107

—— II. Written in the hot Weather, July, 1757 . . . 111

—— III. Written in Harvest 114

—— IV. Written at the approach of Winter . . . 118

Hymn from Psalm VIII. 122

ANONYMOUS.

Ode to the New Year, 1769 123

JOHN GAY.

A Contemplation on Night 126

HANNAH MULSO, *now* CHAPONE.

To a Robin Redbreast 128

A Translation 129

JAMES MERRICK.

The ignorance of Man 130

The Trials of Virtue 131

A Hymn.—Part I. 135

—— Part II. 136

—— Part III. 137

The Lord's Prayer Paraphrased 139

JAMES BARCLAY.

The Invitation 140

RICHARD GRAVES.

An Invitation to the feathered Race, 1763. Written at } 142
 Claverton, near Bath }

Under an Hour Glass, in a Grotto, near the Water at Claverton 144

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

A Moral Thought 145

JOHN SCOTT.

Winter Prospects in the Country, Epistle to a Friend in } 146
 London, 1756 }

Hymn from Psalm LXV. 148

Sonnet. Apology for Retirement 149

J. C.

Written at the Hermitage at Aldersbrook, 1761 . . . 150

Advice to a Shepherd, 1760 151

Written at the end of Autumn in the Year 1761 . . . 152

JOHN GERRARD.

Petherton-Bridge.—Elegiac Ode 154

ANONYMOUS.

A Hymn 157

Paraphrase on Psalm LXXIV. ver. 16, 17 . . . 158

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

On the Death of Dr. LEVET 160

ANONYMOUS.

Hymn.—Heavenly Wisdom 162

On Religion 163

JAMES THOMSON.

Summer Morning 164

AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

A Winter Piece, at Copenhagen 166

ANONYMOUS.

To Solitude 168

POEMS.

BIRTH-DAY THOUGHTS.

THOU Pow'r Supreme! by whose command I live,
The grateful tribute of my praise receive:
To thy indulgence I my being owe,
And all the joys which from that being flow.
Scarce eighteen suns have form'd the rolling year,
And run their destin'd courses round this sphere,
Since thy creative eye my form survey'd,
'Midst undistinguish'd heaps of matter laid:
Thy skill, my elemental clay refin'd,
The vagrant particles in order join'd;
With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
And stamp't thy sacred image on my soul:

A soul, fufceptible of endless joy,
 Whofe frame, nor force nor time can e'er deftroy;
 Which fhall furvive, when nature claims my breath,
 And bid defiance to the darts of death;
 To realms of blifs, with active freedom foar,
 And live when earth and fkyes fhall be no more.
 Author of life! in vain my tongue effays,
 For this immortal gift to fpeak thy praife!
 How fhall my heart its grateful fenfe reveal,
 Where all the energy of words muft fail?
 O may its influence in my life appear,
 And ev'ry action prove my thanks fincere!
 Grant me, great God, a heart to thee inclin'd:
 Increafe my faith, and rectify my mind:
 Teach me, betimes, to tread thy faged ways,
 And to thy fervice confecrate my days.
 Still, as thro' life's perplexing maze I ftray,
 Be thou the guiding ftar to mark my way;
 Conduct the fteps of my unguarded youth,
 And point their motions to the paths of truth;
 Protect me by thy providential care,
 And warn my foul to fhun the tempter's fnare.
 Thro' all the fhifting fcenes of varied life,
 In calms of eafe, or ruffling ftorms of grief;
 Thro' each event of this inconstant ftate,
 Preferve my temper equal and fedate.
 Give me a mind that nobly can defpife
 The low defigns and little arts of vice.

Be my religion such as taught by Thee,
 Alike from pride and superstition free.
 Inform my judgment, regulate my will;
 My reason strengthen, and my passions still:
 To gain thy favour be my first great end,
 And to that scope may ev'ry action tend.
 Amidst the pleasures of a prosp'rous state,
 Whose flatt'ring charms th' untutor'd heart elate,
 May I reflect to whom these gifts I owe,
 And bless the bounteous hand from whence they flow.
 Or, if an adverse fortune be my share,
 Let not its terrors tempt me to despair;
 But fixt on Thee, a steady faith maintain,
 And own all good, which thy decrees ordain;
 On thy unfailing Providence depend,
 The best Protector, and the surest Friend!
 Thus on life's stage may I my part sustain;
 And at my exit thy applauses gain.
 When thy pale herald summons me away,
 Support me in that dread catastrophe.
 In that last conflict guard me from alarms,
 And take my soul, expiring, to thy arms.

TO A FRIEND.

STILL may this morn with fairest lustre rise,
 And find thee still more happy and more wise:
 The smiling year with some new pleasure crown,
 And add some virtue to the past unknown;
 E'en that, whose future progress should deface
 The transient pride of each external grace,
 Survey the soul more beauteous, young, and gay,
 And cheerful to the latest natal day,
 Which gilds the ruins of declining age,
 And lights it safely to its farthest stage.
 Thro' pleasure's walks, if youth unbounded stray,
 Where roses blush, and soft-winged zephyrs play,
 Enjoy each product of the vernal hour,
 Seize ev'ry green, and rifle ev'ry flow'r;
 Tho' with each smiling hue the garland bloom,
 And fortune add her variegated plume,
 How soon, alas! the gay fantastic wreath,
 Must wither on the pallid brow of death!
 Its languid sweets in mournful dust be laid,
 And all its unreviving colours fade!
 Thus the false forms of vanity descend,
 And in the gloom of long oblivion end:
 Unreal phantoms, empty, void of pow'r,
 Borne on the fleeting pinions of an hour,

Desert, in death, the disappointed mind,
 Nor leave a trace of happiness behind!
 O blest with talents fitted to obtain
 What wild unthinking folly seeks in vain;
 To whom, peculiarly indulgent, heav'n
 The noblest means of happiness has giv'n;
 From joys unfixt, that in possession die;
 From falsehood's path, my dear NARCISSA, fly.
 See faith, with steady light, direct the road,
 That leads unerring to the sov'reign good:
 See virtue's hand immortal joys bestow,
 That, ever new, in fair succession blow;
 Nor dread, secure of undecaying bloom,
 The ineffectual winter of the tomb.
 Such sure rewards the happy choice attend,
 Form'd on our nature's origin and end.
 Pure, from th' Eternal Source of being, came
 That ray divine that lights the human frame:
 Yet oft, forgetful of its heav'nly birth,
 It sinks, obscur'd, beneath the weight of earth;
 Mechanic pow'rs retard its flight, and hence
 The storms of passion, and the clouds of sense.
 'Tis life's great task their influence to controul,
 And keep the native splendour of the soul
 From false desires, which wild opinion frames,
 From raging folly's inconsistent schemes;
 To guard it safe, by those unerring laws,
 That re-unite it to its first great Cause.

To this bright mark may all thy actions tend,
 And heav'n succeed the wishes of a friend!
 Whose faithful love directs its tender cares,
 Beyond the flight of momentary years:
 Beyond the grave, where vulgar passions end,
 To future worlds its nobler views extend;
 Which soon each imperfection must remove,
 And ev'ry charm of friendship shall improve.
 Till then, the muse essays the tuneful art,
 To fix her moral lesson on thy heart;
 Illume thy soul with virtue's brightest flame,
 And point it to that heav'n from whence it came.

A NIGHT REFLECTION.

WHILE night, in solemn shade, invests the pole,
 And calm reflection sooths the pensive soul;
 While reason, undisturb'd, asserts her sway,
 And life's deceitful colours fade away—
 To thee, all-conscious PRESENCE! I devote
 This peaceful interval of sober thought.
 Here all my better faculties confine,
 And be this hour of sacred silence thine.
 If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,
 My erring soul from virtue's paths has stray'd;

If by example snar'd, by passion warm'd,
 Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd;—
 My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
 And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
 Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford?
 Its utmost boast, a vain unmeaning word.

But, ah! how oft my lawless passions rove,
 And break those awful precepts I approve!
 Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
 And violate the virtue I adore!
 Oft when thy better Spirit's guardian care,
 Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
 My stubborn will his gentle aid repress,
 And check'd the rising goodness in my breast;
 Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
 Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires:
 With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
 Shouldst thou condemn, I own the sentence just.
 But oh! thy softer titles let me claim,
 And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name—
 Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
 And dissipates the horrors of despair;
 From rig'rous justice steals the vengeful hour,
 Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r;
 Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
 And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.

All-pow'rful grace, exert thy gentle sway,
 And teach my rebel passions to obey;
 Lest lurking folly, with insidious art,
 Regain my volatile, inconstant heart.
 Shall every high resolve devotion frames,
 Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
 Oh! rather while thy hopes and fears controul,
 In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
 Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
 And be the soft retreat of sleep, my tomb:
 Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
 'Till the last morn its orient beam disclose;
 Then when the great Archangel's potent sound
 Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
 Wak'd from the sleep of death, with joy survey
 The op'ning splendours of eternal day.

ON THE

DEATH OF A YOUTH.

HOW vain the joys that human pride elate,
 Dependant on the slightest chance of fate!
 Here all the flatt'ring hopes of youthful bloom,
 Untimely blasted, wither in the tomb.
 Grac'd with each merit, years like his could boast,
 Too soon discover'd, as too early lost;
 Studious by ev'ry pleasing art to prove,
 Th' endearing tendernefs of filial love,
 Which guided still by nature's gentlest voice;
 Prepar'd him for that heav'n he now enjoys.
 Yet let not grief pronounce that doom unjust,
 Which lays a parent's fairest hopes in dust.
 The lovely object of these selfish tears,
 Felt ev'ry joy of life without its cares;
 To him the world display'd its first best sight,
 And touch'd his infant senses with delight.
 What more, alas! had added years to give?
 To live for virtue is alone to live:
 And what that virtue, but with painful art,
 To check the strong emotions of the heart:
 The hydra-forms of folly to subdue,
 And strive with passions which he never knew.
 Heav'n, who the doubtful conflict kindly spar'd,
 Without the toil, bestow'd the bright reward:

Death gently call'd him from his guiltless play,
 And clos'd his eyes to wake in endless day.
 Let grief submit to Pow'r all good and wise,
 And yield the spotless victim to the skies.

TO —

ON A WATCH.

WHILE this gay toy attracts the sight,
 Thy reason let it warn;
 And seize, my dear, that rapid time,
 That never must return.

If idly lost, no art or care
 The blessing can restore:
 And heav'n exacts a strict account
 For ev'ry mis-spent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,
 And soon its prospects end:
 Yet on that day's uncertain date
 Eternal years depend.

Yet equal to our being's aim
 The space to virtue giv'n:
 And ev'ry minute well improv'd
 Secures an age in heav'n.

TO ———

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
 O'er nature's soft repose.
 No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
 Nor ruffling tempest blows.

Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest;
 The throbbing heart lies still:
 And varying schemes of life no more
 Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd, to reason's voice,
 Attends each mental pow'r:
 Come, dear Emilia, and enjoy
 Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come, while the peaceful scene invites,
 Let's search this ample round:
 Where shall the lovely fleeting form
 Of happiness be found?

Does it amidst the frolick mirth
 Of gay assemblies dwell?
 Or hide beneath the solemn gloom,
 That shades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
 A sick'ning heart conceals!
 And thro' the cloister's deep recess,
 Invading sorrow steals.

In vain thro' beauty, fortune, wit,
 The fugitive we trace:
 It dwells not in the faithless smile,
 That brightens Clodio's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,
 The heart in friendship finds:
 Ah! dear delusion! gay conceit
 Of visionary minds?

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
 Yet all agree in one,
 To place its being in some state,
 At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim,
 Of pow'r supremely wise,
 Who fancy happiness in aught
 The hand of heav'n denies!

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
 And vain what we possess,
 Unless harmonious reason tunes
 The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,
 Is happiness confin'd;
 And, deaf to folly's call, attends
 The music of the mind.

TO ———

HOW sweet the calm of this sequester'd shore,
 Where ebbing waters musically roll;
 And solitude and silent eve restore
 The philosophic temper of the soul.

The sighing gale, whose murmurs lull to rest
 The busy tumult of declining day,
 To sympathetic quiet sooths the breast;
 And ev'ry wild emotion dies away.

Farewell the objects of diurnal care!
 Your task be ended with the setting sun.
 Let all be undisturb'd vacation here,
 While o'er yon wave ascends the peaceful moon.

What beauteous visions o'er the soften'd heart,
 In this still moment all their charms diffuse;
 Serener joys and brighter hopes impart,
 And cheer the soul with more than mortal views.

Here, faithful mem'ry wakens all her pow'rs:
 She bids her fair ideal forms ascend,
 And, quick to ev'ry gladden'd thought, restores,
 The social virtue, and the absent friend.

Come Musidora, come, and with me share
 The sober pleasures of this solemn scene;
 While no rude tempest clouds the ruffled air,
 But all, like thee, is smiling and serene.

Come, while the cool, the solitary hours,
 Each foolish care and giddy wish controul,
 With all thy soft persuasion's wonted pow'rs,
 Beyond the stars transport my list'ning soul.

Oft, when on earth detain'd by empty shew,
 Thy voice has taught the trifler how to rise;
 Taught her to look with scorn on things below,
 And seek her better portion in the skies.

Come—and the sacred eloquence repeat:
 The world shall vanish at its gentle sound,
 Angelic forms shall visit this retreat,
 And op'ning heav'n diffuse its glories round.

ODE.

WITH restless agitations tost,
 And low immers'd in woes,
 When shall my wild distemper'd thoughts
 Regain their lost repose?

Beneath the deep oppressive gloom,
 My languid spirits fade:
 And all the drooping pow'rs of life
 Decline to death's cold shade.

O Thou! the wretched's sure retreat,
 These tort'ring cares controul,
 And with the cheerful smile of peace,
 Revive my fainting soul.

Did ever thy relenting ear
 The humble plea disdain;
 Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
 Or supplicate in vain?

Opprest with grief and shame, dissolv'd
 In penitential tears,
 Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
 And dissipates our fears.

New life, from thy refreshing grace,
Our sinking hearts receive;
Thy gentle, best lov'd, attribute
To pity and forgive.

From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft diffusive beam,
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

Dispers'd by her superior force,
The fullen shades retire;
And op'ning beams of new-born joy,
The conscious soul inspire.

My griefs confess her vital pow'r,
And bless the friendly ray;
Fair phosphor to the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

TO —

AH! why, with restless, anxious search, explore,
 Thro' distant realms, the progress of disease?
 In ev'ry clime, with like destructive pow'r,
 The hand of death his hapless prey shall seize.

Not more remote, where genial fons arise,
 And healthful airs o'er fragrant blossoms play,
 Than where the putrid vapour blasts the skies,
 And spreads infection o'er the lurid day.

Where sprightly youth and blooming beauty sport,
 He joins the chorus, and partakes the show;
 And where the graces and the loves resort,
 Amidst their roses, twines his cypress bough.

The bowl he snatches from ungovern'd joy,
 Where riot calls, a quick, rapacious guest:
 And, slowly sure, his lurking arts destroy
 The solitary hermit's frugal feast.

To what blest realm can trembling fear retire,
 Unconscious of his universal sway?
 Then why with anxious, fruitless search, inquire,
 Who first, or last, must fall his destin'd prey?

Yes: one blest realm shall grant a safe retreat,
 One faithful guide the living way supply:
 To his direction let the soul submit,
 And calmly yield to death whate'er can die.

TO ———

WHERE are those hours, on rosy pinions borne,
 Which brought to ev'ry guiltless wish success;
 When pleasure gladden'd each returning morn,
 And ev'ry ev'ning clos'd in calms of peace?

How smil'd each object, when, by friendship led,
 Thro' flow'ry paths we wander'd unconfin'd,
 Enjoy'd each airy hill, or solemn shade,
 And left the bustling empty world behind!

With philosophic social sense survey'd,
 The noon-day sky in brighter colours shone;
 And softer o'er the dewy landscape play'd
 The peaceful radiance of the silent moon.

Those hours are vanish'd with the changing year,
 And dark December clouds the summer scene;
 Perhaps, alas! for ever vanish'd here,
 No more to bless distinguish'd life again.

Yet not like those by thoughtless folly drown'd
 In black oblivion's fullen stagnant deep;
 Where, never more to pass their fated bound,
 The ruins of neglected being sleep.

But lasting traces mark the happier hours,
 Which active zeal in life's great task employs;
 Which science, from the waste of time secures;
 Or various fancy gratefully enjoys.

O! still be ours, to each improvement giv'n,
 Which friendship doubly to the heart endears,
 Those hours, when banish'd hence, shall fly to heav'n,
 And claim the promise of eternal years.

TO —

SAY, dear Emilia, what untry'd delight,
 Has earth, or air, or ocean to bestow,
 That checks thy active spirit's nobler flight,
 And bounds its narrow view to scenes below?

Is life thy passion? Let it not depend,
 On flutt'ring pulses, and a fleeting breath.
 In sad despair, the fruitless wish must end,
 That seeks it in the gloomy range of death.

This world! deceitful idol of thy soul,
 Is all devoted to his tyrant pow'r:
 To form his prey the genial planets roll;
 To speed his conquests flies the rapid hour.

This verdant earth, these fair surrounding skies,
 Are all the triumphs of his wasteful reign:
 'Tis but to set, the brightest suns arise:
 'Tis but to wither, blooms the flow'ry plain.

'Tis but to die, mortality was born;
 Nor struggling folly breaks the dread decree;
 Then cease the common destiny to mourn,
 Nor wish thy nature's laws revers'd for thee.

The sun that sets again shall gild the skies;
 The faded plain reviving flow'rs shall grace:
 But hopeless fall, no more on earth to rise,
 The transitory forms of human race.

No more on earth: but see beyond the gloom,
 Where the short reign of time and death expires;
 Victorious o'er the ravage of the tomb,
 Smiles the fair object of thy fond desires.

The seed of life below imperfect lies;
 To virtue's hand its cultivation giv'n,
 Form'd by her care the beauteous plant shall rise,
 And flourish, with unfading bloom, in heav'n.

ON GRATITUDE.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravish'd heart?
 But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul,
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
 With heedless steps, I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way:
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou,
 With health renew'd my face:
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly blifs,
 Has made my cup run o'er;
 And in a kind and faithful friend,
 Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least, a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord!
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee,
 A joyful song I'll raise!
 For oh! Eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise!

A HYMN.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide;
 Their help, omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Thro' burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
 And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry foil,
 Made ev'ry region please:
 The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
 And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul! devoutly think,
 How with affrighted eyes,
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,
 In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
 And fear in ev'ry heart;
 When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free,
 Whilst in the confidence of pray'r,
 My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
 Obedient to thy will;
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore,
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to Thee.

A HYMN.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 O how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be fought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought;

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd,
 In majesty severe;
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear!

But thou hast told the troubled mind,
 Who does her sins lament,
 The timely tribute of her tears,
 Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late;
 And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
 To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair,
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows thy only Son has dy'd,
 To make her pardon sure.

PART OF THE XIXth PSALM.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim:
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth:
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,

Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What though, nor real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine—
The hand that made us is divine.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and flow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still.
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray;
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;
 And streams shall murmur all around.

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand,
 Left the proud tyrant and his land,
 The tribes with cheerful homage own
 Their King; and Judah was his throne.

Across the deep their journey lay,
 The deep divides to make them way;
 The streams of Jordan saw, and fled,
 With backward current, to their head.

The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
 Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
 Not Sinai on her base could stand,
 Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.

What pow'r could make the deep divide?
 Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
 And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
 Retire, and know th' approaching God!
 The King of Israel: see him here:
 Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

He thunders, and all nature mourns;
 The rock to standing pools he turns;
 Flints spring with fountains at his word,
 And fires and seas confess their Lord.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care,
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter, fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find,
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind;
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night, study and ease,
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
 And innocence which most does please,
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

YE nymphs of Solyma, begin the song!
 To heav'nly themes, sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd Ifaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
 Th' æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r.
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid;
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade:
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
 Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white rob'd innocence from heav'n descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
 O spring to light, auspicious babe, be born!
 See nature hastes her earliest wreathes to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:

See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies.
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 Prepare the way! a God, a God, appears!
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies,
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise:
 With heads declin'd ye cedars, homage pay:
 Be smooth ye rocks: ye rapid floods give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
 Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear.
 The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In adamant chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound!
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air;
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;

The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er;
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd fire begun:
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield;
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts, with surprise,
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
 New falls of water murmur in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir, and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet;
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of their scales survey,
 And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head and lift thy eyes!
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs.
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine,
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime ador'd,
 By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confin'd,
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill;
 And binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This teach me more than hell to shun,
 That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives:
 T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span,
 Thy goodness let me bound:
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round!

Let not this weak, unknowing hand,
 Presume thy bolts to throw;
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe!

If I am right, thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay:
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent;
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see,
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy shew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath:
 Oh lead me whereso'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot:
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done!

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies;
 One chorus let all beings raise;
 All nature's incense rise!

TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting, peace of mind,
 Sweet delight of human kind!
 Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
 To crown the fav'rites of the sky,
 With more of happiness below,
 Than victors in a triumph know!
 Whither, O whither art thou fled,
 To lay thy meek, contented head?
 What happy region dost thou please,
 To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
 Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.

Increasing avarice would find,
 Thy presence in its gold inshrined.
 The bold adventurer ploughs his way
 Through rocks, amidst the foaming sea,
 To gain thy love; and then perceives
 Thou art not in the rocks and waves.
 The silent heart which grief affails,
 Treads soft, and lonesome, o'er the vales;
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)
 Amusing thought; but learns to know
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.
 No real happiness is found
 In trailing purple o'er the ground,
 Or, in a soul exalted high,
 To range the circuit of the sky,
 converse with stars above, and know,
 All nature in its forms below:
 The rest it seeks, in seeking dies;
 And doubts, at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
 This world itself, if thou art here,
 Is once again with Eden blest,
 And man contains it in his breast.
 'Twas thus as under shade I stood,
 I sung my wishes to the wood;
 And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
 The branches whisper as they wav'd:

It seem'd as all the quiet place,
 Confess'd the presence of the Grace,
 When thus she spoke—"Go rule thy will;
 Bid thy wild passions all be still;
 Know God—and bring thy heart to know,
 The joys which from religion flow;
 Then ev'ry grace shall prove its guest,
 And I'll be there to crown the rest."

O! by yonder mossy seat,
 In my hours of sweet retreat,
 Might I thus my soul employ,
 With sense of gratitude and joy,
 Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
 In heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r;
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,
 Pleas'd, and blest, with God alone;
 Then while the gardens take my sight,
 With all the colours of delight;
 While silver waters glide along,
 To please my ear, and court my song;
 I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
 And Thee, great Source of Nature, sing!

The sun that walks his airy way,
 To light the world, and give the day;
 The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
 The stars, that gild the gloomy night;

The seas, that roll unnumber'd waves;
 The wood, that spreads its shady leaves;
 The field, whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain;
 All of these, and all I see,
 Should be sung, and sung by me:
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want, and ask, the tongue of man.

Go, search among your idle dreams,
 Your busy or your vain extremes;
 And find a life of equal blifs,
 Or own the next begun in this.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
 Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
 His head was silver'd o'er with age,
 And long experience made him sage;
 In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
 He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
 His hours in cheerful labor flew,
 Nor envy nor ambition knew;
 His wisdom and his honest fame,
 Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
 Of moral life were drawn from schools)
 The Shepherd's homely cottage fought,
 And thus explor'd his reach of thought:
 Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
 O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
 Hast thou old Greece, and Rome, survey'd,
 And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
 Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
 And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
 Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
 By various fates, on realms unknown;
 Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
 Their customs, laws, and manners, weigh'd?

The Shepherd modestly reply'd:
 I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
 Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
 To read mankind, their laws, and arts;
 For man is practis'd in disguise,
 He cheats the most discerning eyes.
 The little knowledge I have gain'd,
 Was all from simple nature drain'd;
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise;
 Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee,
 Awake my soul to industry.

Who can observe the careful ant,
 And not provide for future want?
 My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
 With gratitude inflames my mind:
 I mark his true, his faithful way,
 And in my service copy Tray.
 In constancy, and nuptial love,
 I learn my duty from the dove.
 The hen who from the chilly air,
 With pious wing protects her care;
 And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
 Instructs me in a parent's charge.
 From nature too I took my rule,
 To shun contempt and ridicule.
 I never, with important air,
 In conversation overbear;
 Can grave and formal pass for wise,
 When men the solemn owl despise?
 My tongue within my lips I rein;
 For who talks much, must talk in vain.
 We from the wordy torrent fly:
 Who listens to the chatt'ring Pye?
 Nor would I, with felonious flight,
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right;
 Rapacious animals we hate;
 Kites, hawks and wolves, deserve their fate.
 Do not we just abhorrence find,
 Against the toad and serpent kind:

But envy, calumny, and spite,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.
 Thus ev'ry object of creation,
 Can furnish hints to contemplation;
 And from the most minute and mean,
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the sage replies;
 Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
 Pride often guides the author's pen;
 Books as affected are as men.
 But he who studies nature's laws
 From certain truth his maxims draws;
 And those, without our schools, suffice
 To make men moral, good, and wise.

A MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heav'ns,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine:
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,

Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs,
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heav'n,
 On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
 And ye five other wand'ring fires! that move
 In mystic dance not without song resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light;
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternions run
 Perpetual circle, multiform and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists, and exhalations that now rise
 From hill, or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great author rise,

Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
 His praise ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud: and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains and ye that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices all ye living souls, ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or ev'n,
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise!
 Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

THE FIRE SIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire,
To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
 And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
 When, with impatient wings, she left
 That safe retreat, the ark?
 Giving her vain excursion o'er,
 The disappointed bird once more
 Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
 We, who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know,
 That marriage, rightly understood,
 Gives to the tender and the good,
 A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
 If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring,
 Whence pleasures ever rise:
 We'll form their minds with studious care,
 To all that's manly, good, and fair,
 And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
 They'll joy our youth, support our age,
 And crown our hoary hairs:
 They'll grow in virtue every day;
 And thus our fondest loves repay,
 And recompence our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
 While to the world we live unknown,
 Or by the world forgot:
 Monarchs! we envy not your state,
 We look with pity on the great,
 And blefs our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large indeed:
 But then, how little do we need,
 For nature's calls are few.
 In this the art of living lies—
 To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
 Nor aim beyond our power:
 For if our stock be very small,
 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
 Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
 Patient, when favours are deny'd,
 And pleas'd with favours giv'n;
 Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

We'll ask no long, protracted treat,
 (Since winter-life is seldom sweet)

But when our feast is o'er,
 Grateful from table we'll arise,
 Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
 The relicks of our store.

Thus hand in hand, thro' life we'll go,
 Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel whisper peace,
 And smoothe the bed of death!

TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW didst thou say!
 Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
 Go to; I will not hear of it.—To-morrow!
 'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
 Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
 And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
 The currency of idiots,—injurious bankrupt,
 That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!
 It is a period no where to be found
 In all the hoary registers of time,
 Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
 Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
 With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
 'Tis fancy's child, and folly is its father;
 Wrought of such stuff as dreams are; and baseless
 As the fantastic visions of the evening.
 But soft, my friend, arrest the present moments;
 For be assured, they are all arrant tell-tales;
 And though their flight be silent, and their path
 Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
 They post to heav'n, and there record thy folly.
 Because, tho' station'd on the important watch,
 Thou like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
 Didst let them pass, unnotic'd, unimprov'd.

And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,
 Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
 For every fugitive: and when thou thus
 Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
 Of hood-wink'd justice, who shall tell thy audit!
 Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
 Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
 'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
 Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
 Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but like
 The good old patriarch upon record,
 Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee.

THE GOLDFINCHES.

TO you, whose groves protect the feather'd quires,
 Who lend their artless notes a willing ear,
 To you, whom pity moves, and taste inspires,
 The doric strain belongs: O Shenstone, hear.

'Twas gentle spring, when all the tuneful race,
 By nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine,
 A Goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
 And hearts, and fortunes, with her mate to join.

Through nature's spacious walks at large they rang'd,
 No settled haunts, no fix'd abode their aim;
 As chance or fancy led, their path they chang'd;
 Themselves, in every vary'd scene, the same.

'Till on a day to weighty cares resign'd,
 With mutual choice, alternate, they agreed
 On rambling thoughts no more to turn their mind,
 But fettle soberly, and raise a breed.

All in a garden, on a currant-bush,
 With wond'rous art they built their waving feat:
 In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,
 Nor distant far, a woodlark's soft retreat.

Here blest with ease, and in each other blest,
 With early songs they wak'd the sprightly groves;
 Till time matur'd their blifs, and crown'd their nest
 With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye;
 What equal fondness dealt th' allotted food!
 What joy each other's likeness to descry,
 And future sonnets, in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happiness can last?
 How does the fairest purpose often fail?
 A truant school-boy's wantonness could blast
 Their rising hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The most ungentle of his tribe was he;
 No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart:
 With concords false, and hideous prosody,
 He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On barb'rous plunder bent, with savage eye
 He mark'd where wrap'd in down the younglings lay;
 Then rushing seiz'd the wretched family,
 And bore them in his impious hands away.

But how shall I relate in numbers rude,
 The pangs for poor Chrysomitris decreed!
 When from a neighb'ring spray, aghast, she view'd
 The savage ruffian's inauspicious deed!

So wrapt in grief some heart-struck matron stands,
 While horrid flames surround her children's room;
 On heav'n she calls, and wrings her trembling hands,
 Constrain'd to see, but not prevent their doom!

O grief of griefs! with shrieking voice she cry'd,
 What sight is this, that I have liv'd to see?
 O! that I had a maiden goldfinch died,
 From love's false joys, and bitter sorrows free.

Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
 Was it for this, I pois'd th' unwieldy straw?
 For this I pick'd the moss from yonder hill,
 Nor shun'd the pond'rous chat along to draw?

Was it for this, I cull'd the wool with care,
 And strove with all my skill our work to crown?
 For this, with pain I bent the stubborn hair,
 And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down?

Was it for this, my freedom I resign'd,
 And ceas'd to rove from beauteous plain to plain?
 For this I sat at home whole days confin'd,
 And bore the scorching heat, and pealing rain?

Was it for this, my watchful eyes grow dim,
 The crimson roses on my cheek turn pale?
 Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim,
 And all my wonted spirits 'gin to fail.

O plund'rer vile! O more than weasel fell!
 More treach'rous than the cat with prudish face;
 More fierce than kites, with whom the furies dwell;
 More pilf'ring than the Cuckoo's prowling race!

For thee may plum, or goosb'ry, never grow,
 Nor juicy currant cool thy clammy throat:
 But bloody birch-twigs work thee shameful woe:
 Nor ever Goldfinch cheer thee with her note.

Thus sang the mournful bird, her piteous tale;
 The piteous tale her mournful mate return'd:
 Then side by side they fought the distant vale,
 And there, in silent sadness, inly mourn'd.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

LET observation with extensive view,
 Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
 Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
 And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
 Then say, how hope and fear, desire and hate,
 O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate.
 Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
 To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
 As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
 Shuns fancied ills, or chafes airy good.
 How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
 How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
 When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
 Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
 Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
 With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
 With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
 Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
 And restless fire precipitates on death.

But scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold,
 Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;

Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
 And crowds with crimes the records of mankind!
 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws;
 For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
 Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys;
 The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,
 And dubious title shakes the madd'd land,
 When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord!
 Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
 And leaves the wealthy traitor in the tow'r,
 Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
 Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
 Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
 Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy;
 Increase his riches and his peace destroy;
 New fears in dire vicissitude invade;
 The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade;
 Nor light, nor darkness, bring his pain relief,
 One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.
 Yet still one general cry the skies affails,
 And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
 Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
 Th' insidious rival, and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth
 With cheerful wisdom, and instructive mirth;
 See motly life in modern trappings dress'd,
 And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
 Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
 Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
 Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd,
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
 Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
 Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
 Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
 And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
 How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
 Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
 Attentive truth and nature to descry,
 And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
 To thee were solemn toys or empty shew,
 The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
 All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
 Whose joys are causeless, and whose griefs are vain.
 Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
 Renew'd at every glance on human kind;
 How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
 Search every state, and canvass every pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
 Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great:

Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call,
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
 On every stage the foes of peace attend,
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
 Love ends with hope; the sinking statesman's door
 Pours in the morning-worshipper no more:
 For growing names, the weekly scribbler lies,
 To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
 From every room descends the painted face,
 That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
 And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
 To better features yields the frame of gold;
 For now no more we trace in every line
 Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
 The form distorted justifies the fall,
 And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
 Sign her foe's doom, or guard her fav'rite's zeal?
 Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
 Degrading nobles, and controuling kings;
 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
 And ask no questions, but the price of votes;
 With weekly libels and septennial ale,
 Their wish is full, to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolfey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:

To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign;
 Through him the rays of regal bounty shine.
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
 Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
 'Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
 At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
 Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
 At once is lost the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest;
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
 Shall Wolfey's wealth, with Wolfey's end, be thine?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
 For why did Wolfey near the steeps of fate,
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
 Why but to sink, beneath misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
 And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
 By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
 What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
 And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
 Through all his veins the fever of renown
 Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown;
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
 Are these thy views? proceed illustrious youth,
 And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
 Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
 'Till captive science yields her last retreat;
 Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
 And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
 Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
 And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
 Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;

Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause a while from letters, to be wise;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.
 Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from woes;
 See, when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud;
 From meaner minds though smaller fines content,
 The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent;
 Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,
 And fatal learning leads him to the block;
 Around his tomb let art and genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep!

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek, o'er Asia whirl'd;
 For such, the steady Romans shook the world;

For such, in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine.
 This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
 'Till fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name;
 And mortgag'd states their grandfires wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield;
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field:
 Behold surrounding kings, their pow'r combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain,
 ' Think nothing gain'd, he cries, 'till nought remain,
 ' On Moscow's walls 'till Gothic standards fly,
 ' And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;

Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realm of frost;
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay.
 Hide, blushing glory! hide Pultowa's day;
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shews his miseries in distant lands;
 Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not chance at length her error mend?
 Did not subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
 All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
 In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
 With half mankind embattled at his side,
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
 And starves exhausted regions in his way;
 Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
 'Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
 Fresh praise is try'd, till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
 'Till rude resistance lops the spreading god.

The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
 And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
 Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
 Through purple billows, and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
 Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
 With unexpected legions bursts away,
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
 Short sway! Fair Austria spreads her mournful charms;
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
 From hill to hill the beacons rousing blaze,
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder, and of praise;
 The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
 And all the sons of rage crowd the war;
 The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
 Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
 His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days!
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
 That life protracted is protracted woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the passages of joy:

In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
 With listless eyes, the dotard views the store,
 He views, and wonders that they please no more.
 Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines,
 And luxury, with sighs, her slave resigns.
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain.
 No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
 Though dancing mountains witness Orpheus near,
 Nor lute, nor lyre, his feeble pow'rs attend,
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue;
 Perversely grave or positively wrong.
 The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest;
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sinner,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear.
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
 Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
 And mould his passions till they make his will.
 Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
 But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
 He turns, with anxious heart, and crippled hands,
 His bonds of debt and mortgages of lands;

Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime,
 An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
 And glides in modest innocence away;
 Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
 Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
 The gen'ral fav'rite, as the gen'ral friend:
 Such age there is, and who could wish its end?
 Yet e'en on this, her load misfortune flings,
 To press the weary minutes flagging wings:
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns;
 Now kindred merit fills the sable bier;
 Now lacerated friendship claims a tear;
 Year chafes year, decay pursues decay;
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
 New forms arise and diff'rent views engage;
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
 'Till pitying nature signs the last release,
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
 Who set unclouded in the gulphs of fate.
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
 By Solon caution'd to regard his end,

In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise !
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
 And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother anxious for her race,
 Begs for each birth the fortune of a face :
 Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;
 And Sedly curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes ;
 Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
 Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
 By day the frolic, and the dance by night ;
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart ;
 What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave !
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
 The rival batters, and the lover mines.
 With distant voice neglected virtue calls,
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls ;
 Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
 And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
 The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
 The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd :
 By int'rest, prudence ; and by flatt'ry, pride.
 Now beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distressed,
 And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries attempt the mercies of the skies?
 Inquirer cease; petitions yet remain
 Which heav'n may hear; nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to heav'n the measure, and the choice.
 Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest
 Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
 For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
 For faith, that panting for a happier seat
 Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat;
 These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
 These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
 With these, celestial wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

THE SWALLOWS.

PART I.

ERE yellow autumn from our plains retir'd,
 And gave to wint'ry storms the varied year,
 The swallow-race, with foresight clear inspir'd,
 To southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.

On Damon's roofs a grave assembly fate;
 His roof, a refuge to the feather'd kind;
 With serious look he mark'd the nice debate,
 And to his Delia thus address'd his mind.

Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid!
 Observe, and read the wondrous ways of heav'n!
 With us through summer's genial reign they staid,
 And food and lodging to their wants were giv'n.

But now, through sacred prescience, well they know
 The near approach of elemental strife;
 The blust'ring tempest, and the chilling snow,
 With every want and scourge of tender life!

Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight;
 For this, ev'n now they prune their vig'rous wing;
 For this, consult, advise, prepare, excite,
 And prove their strength in many an airy ring.

No sorrow loads their breast or swells their eye,
 To quit their friendly haunts, or native home;
 Nor fear they, launching on the boundless sky,
 In search of future settlement to roam.

They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine!
 That warns them hence; they feel it, and obey.
 To this direction all their cares resign,
 Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way!

Well fare your flight! ye mild domestic race!
 Oh! for your wings to travel with the fun!
 Health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace
 'Till your long voyage happily be done!

See Delia on my roof your guests to-day;
 To-morrow on my roof your guests no more!
 Ere yet 'tis night, with haste they wing away,
 To-morrow lands them on some safer shore.

How just the moral in this scene convey'd!
 And what without a moral would we read?
 Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,
 And with his lesson register the deed.

'Tis thus life's cheerful seasons roll away;
 Thus threats the winter of inclement age;
 Our time of action but a summer's day;
 And earth's frail orb, the sadly-varied stage!

And does no pow'r its friendly aid dispense,
 Nor give us tidings of some happier clime?
 Find we no guide in gracious providence,
 Beyond the stroke of death, the verge of time!

Yes, yes, the sacred oracles we hear,
 That point the path to realms of endless day;
 That bid our hearts, nor death, nor anguish fear,
 This future transport, that to life the way.

Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
 And form the soul for her divine abode:
 Obey the call, and trust the leader's care,
 To bring us safe through virtue's paths to God.

Let no fond love for earth exact a sigh,
 No doubts divert our steady steps aside;
 Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die:
 Heav'n is our hope, and providence our guide.

PART II.

AT length the winter's furly blasts are o'er;
Array'd in smiles the lovely spring returns:
Health to the breeze unbars the screaming door,
And every breast with heat celestial burns.

Again the daisies peep, the violets blow,
Again, the tenants of the leafy grove
Forget the patt'ring hail, the driving snow,
Resume the lay to melody, and love.

And see, my Delia, see, o'er yonder stream,
Where on the sunny bank the lambskins play,
Alike attracted to th' enliv'ning gleam,
The stranger-swallows, take their wonted way.

Welcome, ye gentle tribe, your sports pursue,
Welcome again to Delia, and to me:
Your peaceful councils on my roof renew,
And plan your settlements from danger free.

No tempest on my shed its fury pours,
My frugal hearth no noxious blast supplies;
Go, wand'ers, go, repair your sooty bow'rs,
Think on no hostile roof my chimnies rise.

Again, I'll listen to your grave debates,
 I'll think I hear your various maxims told,
 Your numbers, leaders, policies, and states,
 Your limits settled, and your tribes enroll'd.

I'll think I hear you tell of distant lands,
 What insect nations rise from Egypt's mud,
 What painted swarms subsist on Lybia's sands,
 What mild Euphrates yields, and Ganges' flood.

Thrice happy race! whom nature's call invites
 To travel o'er her realms, with active wing,
 To taste her choicest stores, her best delights,
 The summer's radiance, and the sweets of spring.

While we are doom'd to bear the restless change
 Of shifting seasons, vapours dank or dry,
 Forbid, like you, to milder climes to range,
 When wint'ry clouds deform the troubled sky.

But know the period to your joys assign'd!
 Know ruin hovers o'er this earthly ball!
 Certain as fate, and sudden as the wind,
 Its secret adamantine props shall fall.

Yet when your short-liv'd summers shine no more,
 My patient mind, sworn foe to vice's way,
 Sustain'd on lighter wings than yours shall soar
 To fairer realms, beneath a brighter ray:

To plains ethereal, and Elyfian bowers,
 Where wint'ry storms no rude access obtain,
 Where blasts no light'ning, and no tempest low'rs,
 But spring and joy unchang'd for ever reign.

ON HEARING THE BELL TOLL
 FOR THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

HARK! what a mournful solemn sound
 Rolls murm'ring through the cloudy air :
 It strikes the soul with awe profound,
 Affects the gay, alarms the fair.

With what a pathos does it speak !
 Affecting deep the thoughtful mind :
 The golden schemes of folly break,
 That hold in glittering snares mankind.

'Tis death's dread herald calls aloud,
 Proclaims his conquest through the skies :
 The sun retires behind a cloud,
 And nature seems to sympathize.

Reflect, ye restless sons of care !
 Your vain designs his hand can spoil,
 Make hard oppressors lend an ear,
 And wretched misers cease their toil.

For what avail vast heaps of gold,
 When death his awful writ shall send?
 Though folly swell, and pride look bold,
 The mask must drop, the farce must end.

It is not hoary tott'ring age
 That now lies stretch'd beneath his stroke;
 The tyrant stern that feels his rage;
 Th' oppressor's rod that now is broke;

But oh! 'tis gen'rous Cynthio's bell!
 Fall'n in his prime of youthful bloom;
 For Cynthio sounds the doleful knell,
 And calls him to the silent tomb.

Cynthio! whose happy healing art,
 Turn'd from his friends death's fatal blow,
 And shielded from that threat'ning dart,
 Which now, alas! has laid him low.

But Cynthio's virtues n'er can die,
 They leave a grateful rich perfume;
 And now transplanted to the sky,
 In heav'n's immortal gardens bloom.

And hark! ah, what celestial notes,
 With grateful accents, charm my ear!
 As down th' ethereal music floats,
 The sun breaks forth, the skies are clear.

From heav'n descends the joyful strain,
 Convey'd to earth on angel's wings;
 To mitigate our grief and pain,
 And this the theme of joy it brings:

" Thus write (the voice from heav'n proclaims)
 " The virtuous dead are ever blest!
 " Their works immortalize their names,
 " Their labours cease, and here they rest.

" Behold the Saviour wide display
 " The trophies of his gen'rous love
 " To cheer you through life's thorny way,
 " And lead to flow'ry realms above.

" 'Tis he destroys death's baneful sting,
 " And bids the grave's dread horrors fly,
 " The choirs of heav'n his triumph sing,
 " And hail him victor through the sky."

THE ROBIN: AN ELEGY.

O come, thou melancholy muse!
 With solemn dirge assist my strain,
 While shades descend, and weeping dews
 In sorrows wrap the rural plain.

Her mantle grave cool ev'ning spreads;
 The sun cuts short his joyful race;
 The jocund hills, the laughing meads,
 Put on a sick'ning dying face.

Stern winter brings his gloomy train,
 Each pleasing landscape fades from view;
 In solemn state he shuts the scene;
 To flow'ry fields we bid adieu!

Quite stript of ev'ry beauty, see
 How soon fair nature's honours fade!
 The flow'rs are fled, each spreading tree,
 No more affords a grateful shade.

Their naked branches now behold,
 Bleak winds pierce thro' with murm'ring sound;
 Chill'd by the northern breezes cold,
 Their leafy honours strew the ground.

So man, who treads life's active stage,
 Like leaf or blossom fades away:
 In tender youth, or riper age,
 Drops thus into his native clay!

Alas! and can we choofe but moan
 To fee all nature's charms expire!
 Fair blooming spring, gay summer gone!
 And autumn haft'ning to retire!

But fee the tender red-breast comes,
 Forfaking now the leaflefs grove,
 Hops o'er my threshold, pecks my crumbs,
 And courts my hofpitable love.

Then fooths me with his plaintive tale,
 As fol withdraws his friendly ray;
 Cheering, as ev'ning shades prevail,
 The foft remains of clofing day.

O welcome to my homely board!
 There unmolefted fhalt thou ftand:
 Were it with choicelt dainties ftor'd,
 For thee I'd ope a lib'ral hand.

Since thou, of all the warbling throng,
 Who now in filence far retire,
 Remain'ft to footh me with a fong,
 And many a pleafing thought infpire.

ODE TO A THRUSH.

SWEET warbler! to whose artless song
Soft music's native pow'rs belong,
Here fix thy haunt; and o'er these plains
Still pour thy wild untutor'd strains,
Still hail the morn with sprightly lay,
And sweetly hymn the parting day;
But sprightlier still, and sweeter pour
Thy song o'er Flavia's fav'rite bow'r:
There softly breathe the vary'd sound,
And chant thy loves or woes, around.

So may'st thou live securely blest,
And no rude storms disturb thy nest;
No bird-lime twig, or gin annoy,
Or cruel gun thy brood destroy;
No want of shelter may'st thou know,
Which Ripton's lofty shades bestow;
Nor dearth of winter berries fear,
But haws and hips blush half the year.

A WINTER THOUGHT.

THE man whose constitution's strong,
 And free from vexing cares his mind,
 As changing seasons pass along,
 Can in them all fresh pleasures find.

Not only in the teeming bud,
 The opening leaf, and following bloom,
 (Urg'd by the sap's ascending flood)
 And fruit fair-forming in its room:

Not only when the smiling fields
 In all their gaiety appear,
 And the perfume their bosom yields,
 On balmy wings the zephyrs bear;

In morning fair, in ev'ning mild,
 The murm'ring brook, and cooling shade,
 Birds airy notes in concerts wild,
 And Philomela's serenade;

Not only in the waving ear,
 And branches bending with their load;
 Or whilst the produce of the year
 Is gath'ring, and in safety stow'd;

He pleas'd, in days autumnal, sees
 The shadowy leaf diversify'd
 With various colours, and the trees
 Dismantled stand in naked pride.

Each hollow blast, and hasty show'r,
 The rattling hail, and fleecy snow,
 The candy'd rime, and scatter'd hoar,
 And icicles which downward grow;

The shining pavement of the flood,
 To which the youthful tribes resort;
 And game, which the discover'd wood
 Exposés to the fowler's sport;

The greens which wintry blasts defy,
 Through native strength, or human care,
 In hedge, or close orangery;
 All these a source of pleasure are.

The sun, which from the northern signs
 Scorch'd with unsufferable heat,
 Now in a milder glory shines,
 And every glancing ray is sweet.

The silver moon, and each fair star,
 Forth to the best advantage shine,
 And by the richest scene prepare
 For noble thoughts th' enlarged mind.

He, when the mornings slowest rise,
 Can sweetly pass the nights away;
 In lucubration with the wife,
 Or conversation with the gay.

And when the winter tedious grows,
 And length'ning days cold stronger bring,
 A new increasing pleasure flows,
 From expectation of the spring.

So he whose faculties are sound,
 His heart upright, and conscience clean,
 Agreeably can pass his round
 Of life, in ev'ry shifting scene.

Not only in his youthful prime,
 And whilst his pow'rs continue firm,
 But when he feels th' effect of time,
 And age prepares him for the worm;

Grateful for every blessing past,
 Patient in every present ill,
 And on whatever ground he's plac'd,
 Hope does with pleasing prospects fill;

And faith in heav'n's enchanting love
 (From whence that sun will soon appear
 Whose smiles make endless spring above)
 Does all his damps and darkness clear!

THE BEARS AND THE BEES:

A FABLE.

AS two young bears in wanton mood,
 Forth issuing from a neighb'ring wood,
 Came where th' industrious bees had stor'd,
 In artful cells, their luscious hoard,
 O'erjoy'd they seiz'd, with eager haste,
 Luxurious, on the rich repast.
 Alarm'd at this, the little crew
 About their ears vindictive flew.
 The beasts, unable to sustain
 Th' unequal combat, quit the plain.
 Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,
 Their native shelter they regain;
 There sit, and now discreeter grown,
 Too late their rashness they bemoan:
 And this by dear experience gain,
 That pleasure's ever bought with pain.
 So when the gilded baits of vice
 Are plac'd before our longing eyes,
 With greedy haste we snatch our fill,
 And swallow down the latent ill.
 But when experience opes our eyes,
 Away the fancy'd pleasure flies:
 It flies, but oh! too late we find
 It leaves a real sting behind.

THE GROTTO:

AN ODE TO SILENCE.

COME, musing silence, nor refuse to shed
Thy sober influence o'er this darkling cell:
The desert waste, and lonely plain,
Could ne'er confine thy peaceful reign;
Nor dost thou only love to dwell
'Mid the dark mansions of the vaulted dead:
For still at eve's sereneest hour,
All nature owns thy soothing pow'r.
Oft hast thou deign'd with me to rove,
Beneath the calm sequester'd grove;
Oft deign'd my secret steps to lead,
Along the dewy pathless mead;
Or up the dusky lawn, to spy
The last faint gleamings of the twilight sky.
Then wilt thou still thy pensive vot'ry meet,
Oft as he calls thee to this gloomy seat?
For here, with many a solemn mystic rite,
Wert thou invok'd to consecrate the ground;
Ere these rude walls were rear'd remote from sight,
Or ere with moss this shaggy roof was crown'd.

Hail! blessed parent of each purer thought,
 That doth at once the heart exalt and mend!
 Here wilt thou never fail to find
 My vacant solitude inclin'd,
 Thy serious lessons to attend.
 For they I ween shall be with goodness fraught;
 Whether thou bid me meditate
 On man, in untaught nature's state;
 How far this life he ought to prize;
 How far its transient scenes despise:
 What heights his reason may attain,
 And where its proud attempts are vain:
 What toils his virtue ought to brave,
 For hope's rewarding joys beyond the grave:
 Or if in man redeem'd you bid me trace,
 Each wond'rous proof of heav'n's transcendent grace:
 Then breathe some sparks of that celestial fire,
 Which in the raptur'd seraph glows above,
 Where fainted myriads crowd the joyful choir;
 And harp their praises round the throne of love.

The trifling sons of levity and pride
 Hence shall thy awful seriousness exclude;
 Nor shall loud riot's thoughtless train
 With frantic mirth this grot profane;
 No foe to peace shall here intrude.
 For thou wilt kindly bid each sound subside,

Save such as fooths the list'ning sense,
 And serves to aid thy influence:
 Save, where soft-breathing o'er the plain,
 Mild zephyr waves the rustling grain:
 Or where some stream, from rocky source,
 Slow trickles down its ceaseless course:
 Or where the sea's imperfect roar,
 Comes gently murm'ring from the distant shore.
 But most in Philomel, sweet bird of night,
 In plaintive Philomel, is thy delight:
 For she, or studious to prolong her grief,
 Or oft to vary her exhaustless lay;
 With frequent pause, from thee shall seek relief,
 Nor close her strain, till dawns the noisy day.

Without thy aid, to happier tasteful art,
 No deep instructive science could prevail:
 For only where thou dost preside,
 Can wit's inventive pow'rs be tried;
 And reason's better task would fail,
 Did not thy haunts the serious theme impart.
 The critic, that with plodding head,
 Toils o'er the learning of the dead;
 The cloister'd hermit that explores,
 By midnight lamp, religion's stores;
 Each sage that marks, with thoughtful gaze,
 The lunar orb, or planet's maze;
 And every bard that strays along
 The sylvan shade, intent on sacred song;

Shall all to thee those various praises give,
 Which, through thy friendly aid, themselves receive:
 For though thou may'st from glory's seats retire,
 Where loud applause proclaims the honour'd name;
 Yet doth thy modest wisdom still inspire,
 Each nobler work, that swells the voice of fame!

PARADISE RESTORED.

SEEK not for paradise with curious eye
 Where the broad palm on 'Tigris' borders waves,
 Or where Euphrates, in tumultuous joy,
 The spacious plain of Babylonia laves.

'Tis gone with all its charms; and like a dream,
 Like Babylon itself, is swept away;
 Bestow one tear upon the mournful theme,
 But let it not thy gentle heart dismay.

For know, wherever love and virtue guide,
 They lead us to a state of heav'nly bliss,
 Where joys unknown to guilt and shame preside,
 And pleasures unalloy'd each hour increase.

Behold that grove, whose waving boughs admit,
 Through the live colonade, the fruitful hill,
 A moving prospect with fat herds replete,
 Whose lowing voices all the vallies fill.

There through the spiry grafs where glides the brook,
 (By yon tall poplar, which erects its head
 Above the verdure of the neighb'ring oak,)
 And gently murmurs o'er the adjoining mead;

Philander and Cleora, happy pair,
 Taste the cool breezes of the gentle wind;
 Their breasts from guilt, their looks are free from care,
 Sure index of a calm contented mind.

'Tis here in virtuous lore the studious fair,
 Informs her babes, nor scorns herself t' improve,
 While in his smile she lives, whose pleasing care
 Dispenses knowledge from the lips of love.

No wild desires can spread their poison here,
 No discontent their peaceful hours attend;
 False joys, nor flatt'ring hopes, nor servile fear,
 Their gentle minds with jarring passions rend.

Here oft in pleasing solitude they rove,
 Recounting o'er the deeds of former days;
 With inward joy their well-spent time approve,
 And feel a recompence beyond all praise.

Or in sweet converse through the grove, or near
 The fountain's brink, or where the arbour's shade,
 Beats back the heat, fair virtue's voice they hear;
 More musical by sweet digression made.

With calm dependence every good they taste,
 Yet feel their neighbours' wants with kind regret;
 Nor cheer themselves alone, (a mean repast!)
 But deal forth blessings round their happy feat.

'Tis to such virtue, that the Pow'r Supreme,
 The choicest of his blessings hath design'd,
 And shed them plenteous over every clime—
 The calm delights of an untainted mind.

Ere yet the sad effects of foolish pride,
 And mean ambition, still employ'd in strife,
 And luxury did o'er the world preside,
 Deprav'd the taste, and pall'd the joys of life.

For such the spring, in richest mantle clad,
 Pours forth her beauties through the gay parterre;
 And autumn's various bosom is o'erspread
 With all the blushing fruits that crown the year.

Such summer tempts, in golden beams array'd,
 Which o'er the fields in borrow'd lustre glow,
 To meditate beneath the cooling shade,
 Their happy state, and whence their blessings flow.

E'en rugged winter varies but their joy,
 Painting the cheek with fresh vermilion hue;
 And those rough frosts which softer frames annoy,
 With vig'rous health their slack'ning nerves renew.

From the dark bosom of the dappled morn,
 To Phœbus shining with meridian light,
 Or when mild ev'ning does the sky adorn,
 Or the pale moon rides through the spangled night,

The varying scenes in every virtuous soul,
 Each pleasing change with various pleasures blest,
 Raise cheerful hopes, and anxious fears controul,
 And form a paradise of inward peace.

*DAY: A PASTORAL.**MORNING.*

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock),
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire;
And the peeping sun-beam, now
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge.
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
 Gently greets the morning gale.
 Kidlings now begin to crop
 Daifies on the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets uncloy'd,
 (Restless till her task be done)
 Now the busy bee's employ'd,
 Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
 Where the limpid stream distils,
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock,
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promis'd corn
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
 Anxious, whilst the huntsman's horn,
 Boldly founding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white emblossom'd spray,
 Nature's universal song,
 Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noon-tide radiance glows;
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat,
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendant o'er his grassy feat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where uncheck'd the sun-beams fall :
Sure to find a pleasing shade,
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand,
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
 Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;
 Fearful lest the noon-tide beam,
 Scorch its soft, its filken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
 Nature's lull'd, serene, and still;
 Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
 Till the fresh descending shower,
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,
 Raises every fainting flower.

Now the hill, the hedge, is green;
 Now the warbler's throat's in tune:
 Blithsome is the verdant scene,
 Brighten'd by the beams of noon.

EVENING.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
 Free (the furrow'd task is done);
 Now the village windows blaze,
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he sets behind the hill,
 Sinking from a golden sky.
 Can the pencil's mimic skill
 Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go
 To the smoking hamlet bound,
 Giant-like their shadows grow,
 Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads
 Shelter for the lordly dome,
 To their high-built airy beds,
 See the rooks returning home:

As the lark with vary'd tune,
 Carols to the ev'ning loud;
 Mark the mild resplendent moon,
 Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit owlet peeps,
 From the barn, or twisted brake;
 And the blue mist slowly creeps,
 Curling on the silver lake:

As the trout, in speckled pride,
 Playful from its bosom springs
 To the banks, a ruffled tide
 Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the filken grafs,
 O'er the path-divided dale,
 Mark the rofe-complexion'd lafs,
 With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
 And the cuckoo-bird with two,
 Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
 Bid the fetting fun adieu.

AN ANCIENT POEM.

MY minde to me a kingdome is ;
 Such perfect joy therein I finde,
 As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
 That God or nature hath affignde :
 Though much I want, that most would have,
 Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;
 I seek no more than may suffice :
 I preffe to beare no haughtie fway ;
 Look, what I lack, my minde supplies.
 Loe ! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my minde doth bring.

I see how plentie surfeits oft;
 And hastie clymbers soonest fall:
 I see how those that sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all:
 These get with toile, and keep with fear:
 Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor wealthie store,
 No force to winne a victorie,
 No wylie wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to winne a lover's eye;
 To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
 For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
 I little have, yet seek no more:
 They are but poore, though much they have;
 And I am rich with little store:
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
 I grudge not at another's gainè;
 No worldly wave my mind can tosse,
 I brooke that is another's bane:
 I fear no foe, nor fawne on friend;
 I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease,
 My conscience clear my chiefe defence:
 I never seeke by brybes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence:
 Thus do I live, thus will I die;
 Would all did so, as well as I!

ON THE DEATH OF
THE AUTHOR'S GRANDMOTHER.

'TIS past! dear venerable shade, farewell!
 Thy blameless life thy peaceful death shall tell:
 Clear to the last thy setting orb has run;
 Pure, bright, and healthy, like a frosty sun:
 And late old age, with hand indulgent shed
 Its mildest winter on thy favour'd head.
 For heaven prolong'd thy life to spread its praise,
 And blest'd thee with a patriarch's length of days.
 The truest praise was thine; a cheerful heart,
 Prone to enjoy, and ready to impart.
 An Israelite indeed, and free from guile,
 To show that piety and age could smile!
 Religion had thy heart, thy cares, thy voice;
 'Twas thy last refuge, as thy earliest choice;

To holy Anna's spirit not more dear,
 The church of Israel, and the house of prayer.
 Thy spreading offspring, of the fourth degree,
 Fill'd thy fond arms, and clasp'd thy trembling knee.
 Matur'd at length for some more perfect scene,
 Thy hopes all bright, thy prospects all serene;
 Each part of life sustain'd with equal worth,
 And not a wish left unfulfill'd on earth;
 Like a tir'd traveller with sleep oppress'd,
 Within thy children's arms thou dropt to rest.
 Farewell! thy cherish'd image, ever dear,
 Shall many a heart with pious love revere:
 Long, long, shall mine thy honour'd mem'ry bless,
 Who gave the dearest blessing I possess.

HYMN.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days;
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the gen'rous olive's use:

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:

All that spring with bounteous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land;
 All that liberal autumn pours
 From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, my God, we owe;
 Source whence all our blessings flow;
 And for these, my soul shall raise
 Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear,
 From its stem the ripening ear;
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot,
 Drop her green untimely fruit:

Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store;
 Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall:

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
 The early and the latter rain;
 Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy:

Yet to thee my soul shall raise,
 Grateful vows, and solemn praise;
 And, when every blessing's flown,
 Love thee—for thyself alone.

HYMN.

BEHOLD where, breathing love divine,
 Our dying master stands!
 His weeping followers gath'ring round,
 Receive his last commands.

From that mild teacher's parting lips,
 What tender accents fell!
 The gentle precept which he gave,
 Became its author well.

“Bless'd is the man, whose soft'ning heart,
 “Feels all another's pain;
 “To whom the supplicating eye,
 “Was never rais'd in vain.

“Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth,
 “A stranger's woes to feel;
 “And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
 “He wants the power to heal.

“ He spreads his kind supporting arms,

“ To every child of grief;

“ His secret bounty largely flows,

“ And brings, unask'd, relief.

“ To gentle offices of love,

“ His feet are never flow;

“ He views, through mercy's melting eye,

“ A brother in a foe.

“ Peace from the bosom of his God,

“ My peace to him I give;

“ And when he kneels before the throne,

“ His trembling soul shall live.

“ To him protection shall be shewn;

“ And mercy from above,

“ Descend on those who thus fulfil

“ The perfect law of love.”

HYMN.

AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes,
 See where thy foes against thee rise,
 In long array, a num'rous host;
 Awake my soul, or thou art lost.

Here giant danger threat'ning stands,
 Must'ring his pale terrific bands;
 There pleasure's silken banners spread,
 And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,
 And fierce desires, and lusts, engage;
 The meanest foe of all the train,
 Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
 Perils and snares beset thee round;
 Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
 But most the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
 The weight of thine immortal shield;
 Put on the armour from above,
 Of heav'nly truth and heav'nly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
 And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell:
 The man of Calv'ry triumph'd here;
 Why should his faithful follow'rs fear?

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

GOD of my life! and author of my days!
 Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
 And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue,
 That hallow'd name, to harps of seraphs sung:
 Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more,
 Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
 Worms, angels, men, in ev'ry diff'rent sphere,
 Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
 All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
 Which nature's works, thro' all her parts, proclaim.
 I feel that name my inmost thoughts controul,
 And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul.
 As by a charm, the waves of grief subside;
 Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide;
 At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
 And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace;
 Till ev'ry worldly thought within me dies,
 And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes;

Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
 And one vast object fills my aching sight.
 But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
 My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
 With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
 And mingles with the dross of earth again.
 But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
 Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
 His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
 Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd;
 Marks the young dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
 And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
 His ears are open to the softest cry,
 His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
 He reads the language of a silent tear,
 And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
 Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give!
 Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live,
 From each terrestrial bondage set me free;
 Still ev'ry wish that centres not in thee;
 Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
 And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
 By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,
 When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
 And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene,

Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
 And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware!
 With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
 And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.

If, friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
 Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
 Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
 And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;
 With equal eye my various lot receive,
 Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
 Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre, or the rod,
 While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name, emblazon'd high
 With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky;
 Nor less the mystic characters I see,
 Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree;
 In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze,
 I hear the voice of God among the trees;
 With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
 With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
 In e'ery creature own thy forming pow'r,
 In each event thy providence adore.
 Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
 Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul.
 Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
 Secure within the temple of thine arms,

From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then, when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye ;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state ;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene,
With decent triumph, and a look serene ;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

ELEGIES, DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL.

I.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

STERN winter hence with all his train removes,
And cheerful skies and limpid streams are seen ;
Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves ;
Reviving herbage clothes the fields with green.

Yet lovelier scenes th' approaching months prepare ;
Kind spring's full bounty soon will be display'd ;
The smile of beauty ev'ry vale shall wear ;
The voice of song enliven ev'ry shade.

O fancy, paint not coming days too fair !

Oft for the prospects sprightly May should yield,
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field :

But should kind spring her wonted bounty show'r
The smile of beauty, and the voice of song ;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpow'r,
E'en vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I shun the scenes where madd'ning passion raves,
Where pride and folly high dominion hold,
And unrelenting av'rice drives her slaves
O'er prostrate virtue in pursuit of gold.

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,
The rude stone fence with fragrant wall-flow'rs gay,
The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield
Than all the pomp imperial domes display :

And yet e'en here, amid these secret shades,
These simple scenes of unprov'd delight,
Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,
And death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

While genial suns to genial show'rs succeed
(The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom ;)
While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the mead,
Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume ;

O why alone to hapless man deny'd
 To taste the bliss inferior beings boast?
 O why this fate—that fear and pain divide
 His few short hours on earth's delightful coast?

Ah cease—no more of Providence complain!
 'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
 Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
 And palls each joy by heav'n indulg'd below:

Why else the smiling infant-train so blest,
 Ere ill propension ripens into sin,
 Ere wild desire inflames the youthful breast,
 And dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
 As to the sportive warblers on the trees,
 To them their joys sincere the seasons yield,
 And all their days and all their prospects please.

Such mine, when first from London's crowded streets,
 Rov'd my young steps to Surrey's wood-crown'd hills,
 O'er new-blown meads that breath'd a thousand sweets,
 By shady coverts and by crystal rills.

O happy hours, beyond recover'y fled!
 What share I now that can your loss repay,
 While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are spread,
 And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is there no power this darkness to remove?
 The long-lost joys of Eden to restore?
 Or raise our views to happier seats above,
 Where fear, and pain, and death shall be no more?

Yes, those there are, who know a Saviour's love
 The long-lost joys of Eden can restore,
 And raise their views to happier scenes above,
 Where fear, and pain, and death shall be no more:

These, grateful, share the gifts of nature's hand;
 And in the varied scenes that round them shine,
 (Minute and beautiful, or rude and grand,)
 'Admire th' amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamell'd vale,
 Shines not a pebble where the riv'let strays,
 Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,
 But claims their wonder and excites their praise.

For them e'en vernal nature looks more gay,
 For them more lively hues the fields adorn;
 To them more fair the fairest smile of day,
 To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn.

They feel the bliss that hope and faith supply;
 They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring
 The day that wafts them to the realms on high,
 The day that centres in eternal spring.

III

II.

WRITTEN IN THE HOT WEATHER, JULY, 1757.

THREE hours from noon the passing shadow shows,
The sultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,
The dazzling ether fierce and fiercer glows,
And human nature scarce its rage sustains.

Now still and vacant is the dusty street,
And still and vacant all yon fields extend,
Save where those swains, oppress'd with toil and heat,
The grassy harvest of the mead attend.

Lost is the lively aspect of the ground,
Low are the springs, the reedy ditches dry;
No verdant spot in all the vale is found,
Save what yon stream's unfailing stores supply.

Where are the flow'rs, the garden's rich array?
Where is their beauty, where their fragrance fled?
Their stems relax, fast fall their leaves away!
They fade and mingle with their dusty bed.

All but the natives of the torrid zone,
What Afric's wilds, or Peru's fields display,
Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,
They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.

Where is wild nature's heart-reviving song,
 That fill'd in genial spring the verdant bow'rs?
 Silent in gloomy woods the feather'd throng
 Pine thro' this long, long course of sultry hours.

Where is the dream of bliss by summer brought?
 The walk along the riv'let-water'd vale?
 The field with verdure clad, with fragrance fraught?
 The sun mild-beaming, and the fanning gale?

The weary soul imagination cheers,
 Her pleasing colours paint the future gay:
 Time passes on, the truth itself appears,
 The pleasing colours instant fade away.

In diff'rent seasons diff'rent joys we place,
 And these will spring supply, and summer these;
 Yet frequent storms the bloom of spring deface,
 And summer scarcely brings a day to please.

O for some secret shady cool recess,
 Some gothic dome o'erhung with darksome trees,
 Where thick damp walls this raging heat repress,
 Where the long aisle invites the lazy breeze!

But why these plaints?—reflect, nor murmur more—
 Far worse their fate in many a foreign land—
 The Indian tribes on Darien's swampy shore
 The Arab's wand'ring over Mecca's sand.

Far worfe, alas! the feeling mind fustains,
 Rack'd with the poignant pangs of fear or shame;
 The hopelefs lover bound in beauty's chains,
 The bard whom envy robs of hard-earn'd fame:

He, who a father or a mother mourns,
 Or lovely confort loft in early bloom:
 He, whom fell Febris, rapid fury! burns,
 Or Phthifis flow leads ling'ring to the tomb—

Lest man fhould fink beneath the prefent pain;
 Lest man fhould triumph in the prefent joy;
 For him th' unvarying laws of heav'n ordain,
 Hope in his ills, and to his blifs alloy.

Fierce and oppreffive is the heat we bear,
 Yet not unufeful to our humid foil;
 Thence fhall our fruits a richer flavour fhare,
 Thence fhall our plains with riper harvefts fmile.

Reflect, nor murmur more—for, good in all,
 Heaven gives the due degrees of drought or rain;
 Perhaps ere morn refreshing fhew'rs may fall,
 Nor foon yon fun rife blazing fierce again.

E'en now behold the grateful change at hand!
 Hark, in the eaft loud bluft'ring gales arife!
 Wide and more wide the dark'ning clouds expand,
 And diftant lightnings fhafh along the fkies!

O, in the awful concert of the storm,
 While hail and rain, and wind and thunder join,
 May deep-felt gratitude my soul inform,
 May joyful songs of rev'rent praise be mine!

III.

WRITTEN IN HARVEST.

FAREWELL the pleasant violet-scented shade,
 The primros'd hill, and daisy-mantled mead,
 The furrow'd land, with springing corn array'd,
 The funny wall, with bloomy branches spread!

Farewell the bow'r with blushing roses gay;
 Farewell the fragrant trefoil-purple'd field;
 Farewell the walk through rows of new-mown hay,
 When ev'ning breezes mingled odours yield:

Of these no more—now round the lonely farms,
 Where jocund plenty deigns to fix her seat;
 Th' autumnal landscape op'ning all its charms,
 Declares kind nature's annual work complete.

In diff'rent parts what diff'rent views delight,
 Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain;
 Or where the bearded barley dazzling white,
 Spreads o'er the steepy slope or wide champaign.

The smile of morning gleams along the hills,
 And wakeful labour calls her sons abroad;
 They leave with cheerful look their lowly vills,
 And bid the fields resign their ripen'd load.

In various tasks engage the rustic bands,
 And here the scythe, and there the sickle wield;
 Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the lands,
 Or range in heaps the swarths upon the field.

Some build the flocks, some load the spacious wains,
 Some lead to shelt'ring barns the fragrant corn;
 Some form tall ricks, that tow'ring o'er the plains
 For many a mile, the homestead yards adorn.—

The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
 The joyful swains that raise the clam'rous song,
 Th' enclosure gates thrown open all around,
 The stubble peopled by the gleaning throng.

Soon mark glad harvest o'er—Ye rural lords,
 Whose wide domains o'er Albion's isle extend;
 Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,
 And bid to heaven your grateful praise ascend!

For tho' no gift spontaneous of the ground
 Rose these fair crops that made your vallies smile,
 Tho' the blithe youth of ev'ry hamlet round
 Pursued for these thro' many a day their toil ;

Yet what avail your labours or your cares?
 Can all your labours, all your cares, supply
 Bright suns, or soft'ning show'rs, or tepid airs,
 Or one indulgent influence of the sky?

For Providence decrees, that we obtain
 With toil each blessing destin'd to our use;
 But means to teach us, that our toil is vain
 If he the bounty of his hand refuse.

Yet, Albion, blame not what thy crime demands,
 While this sad truth the blushing muse betrays—
 More frequent echoes o'er thy harvest lands,
 The voice of riot than the voice of praise.

Prolific tho' thy fields, and mild thy clime,
 Realms fam'd for fields as rich, for climes as fair,
 Have fall'n the prey of famine, war, and time,
 And now no semblance of their glory bear.

Ask Palestine, proud Asia's early boast,
 Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and oil;
 Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy coast;
 Where the glad fwains that till'd her fertile soil:

Ask, and behold, and mourn her hapless fall!

Where rose fair towns, where toil'd the jocund swain;
Thron'd on the naked rock and mould'ring wall,
Pale want and ruin hold their dreary reign.

Where Jordan's vallies smil'd in living green,
Where Sharon's flow'rs disclos'd their varied hues,
The wand'ring pilgrim views the alter'd scene,
And drops the tear of pity as he views.

Ask Græcia, mourning o'er her ruin'd tow'rs,
Where now the prospects charm'd her bards of old,
Her corn-clad mountains and Elysian bow'rs,
And silver streams thro' fragrant meadows roll'd?

Where freedom's praise along the vale was heard,
And town to town return'd the fav'rite sound;
Where patriot war her awful standard rear'd,
And brav'd the millions Persia pour'd around?

There freedom's praise no more the valley cheers,
There patriot war no more her banner waves;
Nor bard, nor sage, nor martial chief appears,
But stern barbarians rule a land of slaves.

Of mighty realms are such the poor remains?
Of mighty realms that fell, when, mad with pow'r,
They call'd for vice to revel on their plains;
The monster doom'd their offspring to devour!

O Albion! wouldst thou shun their mournful fate;
 To shun their follies and their crimes be thine;
 And woo to linger in thy fair retreat,
 The radiant virtues, progeny divine!

Fair truth, with dauntless eye and aspect bland;
 Sweet peace, whose brow no angry frown deforms;
 Soft charity, with ever-open hand;
 And courage, calm amid furrounding storms.

O lovely train! O haste to grace our isle!
 So may the pow'r who ev'ry blessing yields,
 Bid on her clime serenest seasons smile,
 And crown with annual wealth her far-fam'd fields.



IV.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

THE sun far southward bends his annual way,
 The bleak north-east wind lays the forests bare,
 The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,
 And dreary winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,
 No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
 Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
 Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

Where are the sprightly prospects spring supply'd,
 The may-flower'd hedges scenting every breeze;
 The white flocks scatt'ring o'er the mountain's side,
 The wood-larks warbling on the blooming trees?

Where is gay summer's sportive insect-train,
 That in green fields on painted pinions play'd?
 The herd at morn wide-past'ring o'er the plain,
 Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow shade?

Where is brown autumn's ev'ning mild and still,
 What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields,
 What time the village peoples all the hill,
 And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?

To former scenes our fancy thus returns,
 To former scenes that little pleas'd when here;
 Our winter chills us, and our summer burns,
 Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then restless fancy flies,
 Where Indian streams thro' green savannahs flow;
 Where brighter suns and ever tranquil skies
 Bid new fruits ripen, and new flow'rets blow.

Let truth these fairer, happier lands survey—
 There frowning months descend in wat'ry storms;
 Or nature faints amid the blaze of day,
 And one brown hue the sun-burnt plain deforms.

There oft, as toiling in the sultry fields,
 Or homeward passing on the shadeless way,
 His joyless life the weary lab'rer yields,
 And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of nature, free from nature's strife?
 Who dreams of constant happiness below?
 The hope-flush'd ent'rer on the stage of life;
 The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by woe.

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,
 Led by false hope in search of many a joy;
 I find in earth's bleak clime no blest abode,
 No place, no season, sacred from annoy:

For me, while winter rages round the plains,
 With his dark days I human life compare;
 Not those more fraught with clouds, and winds, and rains,
 Than this, with pining pain and anxious care.

O! whence this wondrous turn of mind our fate!
 Whate'er the season or the place possess,
 We ever murmur at our present state;
 And yet the thought of parting breaks our rest.

Why else, when heard in ev'ning's solemn gloom,
 Does the sad knell that, sounding o'er the plain,
 Tolls some poor lifeless body to the tomb,
 Thus thrill my breast with melancholy pain?

The voice of reason thunders in my ear :
 Thus thou, ere long, must join thy kindred clay;
 No more those nostrils breathe the vital air,
 No more those eyelids open on the day!

O winter, o'er me hold thy dreary reign!
 Spread wide thy skies in darkest horrors drest!
 Of their dread rage no longer I complain,
 Nor ask an Eden for a transient guest.

Enough has heav'n indulg'd of joy below,
 To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;
 Enough has heav'n ordain'd of useful woe,
 To make us languish for a happier feat.

There is, who deems all climes, all seasons, fair;
 There is, who knows no restless passion's strife;
 Contentment, smiling at each idle care;
 Contentment, thankful for the gift of life!

She finds in winter many a view to please;
 The morning landscape fring'd with frost-work gay,
 The sun at noon seen thro' the leafless trees,
 The clear calm ether at the close of day:

She marks th' advantage storms and clouds bestow,
 When blust'ring Caurus purifies the air ;
 When moist Aquarius pours the fleecy snow,
 That makes th' impregnate glebe a richer harvest bear.

She bids for all, our grateful praise arise,
 To him whose mandate spake the world to form;
 Gave spring's gay bloom, and summer's cheerful skies,
 And autumn's corn-clad field, and winter's founding storm.

HYMN FROM PSALM VIII.

ALMIGHTY Power! amazing are thy ways;
 Above our knowledge, and above our praise!
 How all thy works thine excellence display!
 How fair, how great, how wonderful, are they!
 Thy hand yon wide extended heav'n uprais'd,
 Yon wide extended heav'n with stars emblaz'd,
 Where each bright orb, since time his course begun,
 Has roll'd a mighty world, or shone a sun:
 Stupendous thought: how sinks all human race,
 A point, an atom, in the field of space!
 Yet ev'n to us, O Lord! thy care extends,
 Thy bounty feeds us, and thy power defends;

Yet e'en to us, as delegates of Thee,
 Thou giv'st dominion over land and sea:
 Whate'er on earth, or flits in air,
 Whate'er of life the wat'ry regions bear;
 All these are ours, and for th' extensive claim
 We owe due homage to thy sacred name!
 Almighty power! how wond'rous are thy ways,
 How far above our knowledge and our praise!

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR, 1769.

AQUARIUS rules the frozen skies,
 Deep frowning clouds on clouds arise,
 Fraught with the thunder's roar;
 With fury heaves the raging main,
 When foaming billows lash in vain
 The hoarse resounding shore.

No flow'ry vale now charms the eye,
 No tuneful warblers of the sky,
 Now cheer the ling'ring hours;
 No genial ray the groves illumine,
 No zephyrs waft their mild perfume,
 From sighs o'er vernal flowers.

Though blooming scenes are now no more,
 That aid the raptur'd soul to soar;
 Poetic thoughts refine;
 Yet still the moralizing page,
 To warn an unattentive age,
 These hoary scenes combine.

With this I hail the op'ning year,
 Address the God, whose works appear
 Through each harmonious round;
 Who rules, serenely rules, the storm,
 Who gave the lurid lightnings form,
 Whose thunders rock the ground.

O thou! alike where perfect day,
 In bright refulgent glories play
 Around thy awful throne!
 When seraphs glow with sacred fires,
 When angels tune celestial lyres,
 To hymn thy praise alone!

Still may thy providential care
 With blessings crown the rising year!
 Impending ills restrain!
 Thy wisdom guide my youthful muse!
 Thy sacred eloquence diffuse,
 And consecrate my strain!

While thus revolving seasons roll,
 Obsequious to thy wife controul,
 Obedient to thy plan,
 With silent eloquence they preach,
 The most important lessons teach,
 To cold, unthinking man.

Behold thyself reflected here!
 The spring proclaims thine infant year;
 Gay life, the summer's bloom;
 Mild autumn speaks maturer age,
 Confirms thee fool, or hails thee sage;
 While winter shews the tomb.

Or view the image of thy soul,
 As now the mountain furies roll
 In wild tumultuous roar;
 Fit emblem of the wrathful mind,
 To anger's tyrant-sway consign'd,
 Where reason rules no more.

Unlike its placid form, serene,
 When zephyr breathing o'er the scene
 Sheds balmy peace around;
 Blest emblem of the conqu'ring soul,
 Whose every passion knows controul,
 While conscious joys abound!

That this may prove my bounteous share,
 Ascends my ever constant prayer,
 To thee, all perfect mind !
 O aid me in the arduous strife,
 Through each perplexing maze of life,
 To all thy ways resign'd !

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
 Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
 Still nature's various face informs my sense,
 Of an all-wise, all-powerful, Providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
 And streaks the distant eastern hills with light,
 Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
 And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
 The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow,
 And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
 The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
 And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
 But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
 Stript of her fading pride, all nature mourns:

The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
 But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost;
 No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes;
 Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
 Yet still, e'en now, while darkness clothes the land,
 We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
 Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
 The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send,
 Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare;
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are.
 But this we know, that heav'n's eternal king,
 Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
 Can at his word bid num'rous worlds appear,
 And rising worlds th' all-pow'rful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
 To other lands a rising day he lends:
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
 The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
 Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
 And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.

While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;
 And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
 With us again the rosy morning wakes:
 In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
 And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
 No more shall night's alternate reign be known;
 The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
 But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
 Oh! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
 Than empty, transient, sublunary joy.
 The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
 But thou, O God! for ever shine the same.

TO A ROBIN-REDBREAST.

DEAR social bird! that giv'st with fearless love
 Thy tender form to man's protecting care;
 Pleas'd, when rude tempests vex the ruffled air,
 For the warm roof to leave the naked grove.

Kindest and last of summer's tuneful train!
 Ah! do not yet give o'er thy plaintive lay;
 But charm soft zephyr to a longer stay,
 And oft renew thy sweetly-parting strain.

So when rough winter frowns with brow severe,
 And chilling blasts shall strip the shelt'ring trees,
 When meagre want thy shiv'ring frame shall seize,
 And death, with dart uplifted, hover near,
 My grateful hand the lib'ral crumbs shall give,
 My bosom warm thee, and my kiss revive.

A TRANSLATION.

HOW like a wanton lamb that careless play'd,
 The shepherd and the fold forgotten quite,
 My vagrant soul, in search of vain delight,
 Many long years from her true shepherd stray'd!

If winding stream or flow'ry vale she spied,
 Thither her youthful wishes eager led;
 But bitter were the flow'rs on which she fed,
 The turbid stream no cooling draught supplied.

Thus oft beguil'd, at length her fruitless range,
 Her heedless wand'ring steps she deeply mourns,
 And back to thee and to thy fold returns.
 Receive her, dearest Lord! who once didst change
 Heav'n's brightest mansion for a roof of straw,
 To snatch her from the wolf's devouring jaw.

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, griev'd
 With hunger, thirst, and pain ;
 That asks to have the wants reliev'd,
 It knows not to explain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
 And utters, as it can,
 The woes that in its bosom rise,
 And speaks its nature, man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
 Life's various sorrows try,
 (Sad proof of sin's transmissive power)
 That infant, Lord, am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
 Tho' long in years mature ;
 Unknowing whence I feel distress
 And where, or what, its cure.

Author of good, to thee I turn ;
 Thy ever-wakeful eye
 Alone can all my wants discern,
 Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
 Thy love my footsteps guide:
 That love shall vainer loves expel,
 That fear, all fears beside.

And O! by error's force subdu'd,
 Since oft my stubborn will,
 Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
 And grasps the specious ill,

Not to my wish, but to my want,
 Do thou thy gifts apply:
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant;
 What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

THE TRIALS OF VIRTUE.

PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind
 Life's op'ning scene survey'd:
 I view'd its ills of various kind,
 Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,
 That virtue's path inclose:
 My heart the wise pursuit approv'd;
 But O, what toils oppose!

For see, ah! see, while yet her ways
 With doubtful step I tread,
 A hostile world its terrors raise,
 Its snares delusive spread.

O! how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
 Those terrors learn to meet?
 How from the thousand snares to guard
 My unexperienc'd feet?

As thus I mus'd, oppressive sleep
 Soft o'er my temples drew
 Oblivion's veil. The wat'ry deep,
 An object strange and new,

Before me rose: on the wide shore
 Observant as I stood,
 The gathering storms around me roar,
 And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows rise;
 E'en now my steps they lave;
 And death, to my affrighted eyes
 Approach'd in every wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat?
 Each nerve at once unstrung,
 Chill fear had fetter'd fast my feet,
 And chain'd my speechless tongue.

I felt my heart within me die;
 When sudden to mine ear
 A voice descending from on high
 Reprov'd my erring fear.

"What tho' the swelling surge thou see
 "Impatient to devour?
 "Rest, mortal, rest on God's decree,
 "And thankful, own his power.

"Know, when he bade the deep appear,
 "Thus far, th' Almighty said,
 "Thus far, nor farther, rage; and here
 "Let thy proud waves be stay'd."

I heard: and lo! at once controul'd,
 The waves, in wild retreat,
 Back on themselves reluctant roll'd,
 And murm'ring left my feet.

Deep to assembling deeps in vain
 Once more the signal gave:
 The shores the rushing weight sustain,
 And check'd th' usurping wave.

Convinc'd, in nature's volume wise,
 The imag'd truth I read;
 And sudden from my waking eyes
 Th' instructive vision fled.

Then why thus heavy, O my soul?
 Say why, distrustful still
 Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
 O'er scenes of future ill?

Let faith suppress each rising fear,
 Each anxious doubt exclude:
 Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here;
 A Maker wife and good!

He to thy ev'ry trial knows
 Its just restraint to give,
 Attentive to behold thy woes,
 And faithful to relieve.

Then why thus heavy, O my soul?
 Say why, distrustful still
 Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
 O'er scenes of future ill?

Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
 Still in thy God confide,
 Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
 And curbs the headlong tide.

A HYMN.

PART I.

GOD of my health, whose tender care
First gave me pow'r to move,
How shall my thankful heart declare
The wonders of thy love?

While void of thought and sense I lay,
Dust of my parent earth,
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd me to the birth.

From thee the parts their fashion took,
Ere life was yet begun,
And in the volume of thy book
Were written one by one.

Thine eye beheld in open view
The yet unfinish'd plan:
The shadowy lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

O may this frame, that rising grew
 Beneath thy plastic hands,
 Be studious ever to pursue
 Whate'er thy will commands !

The soul that moves this earthly load,
 Thy semblance let it bear,
 Nor lose the traces of the God
 Who stamp'd his image there.

PART II.

THOU, who within this earthly shrine
 Hast pour'd thy quick'ning ray,
 O! let thine influence on me shine,
 And purge each mist away.

With curious search let others ask
 Thro' nature's depths to see:
 O teach my soul the better task,
 To know itself and thee.

Teach me to know how weak the mind
 That yields to erring pride;
 And let my doubting reason find
 Thy word its safest guide.

Let me not, lost in learning's maze,
 Religion's flame resign:
 For what's the worth of human praise,
 Compar'd, my God, to thine?

Keep in my soul the strong delight,
 The hopes that in me rise,
 While faith presents before my sight
 The bliss that never dies.

O be those hopes, my only boast;
 That faith, my whole employ;
 Till faith in knowledge shall be lost,
 And hope in fullest joy.

PART III.

WHERE'ER I turn my wakeful thought,
 Unnumber'd foes I see:
 Guide of my youth, forsake me not,
 But lead me safe to thee.

As on I press, distrust and doubt
 Dissuasive step between;
 While pleasures tempt me from without,
 And passions war within.

Yet fix'd on thee I lose each fear,
 Each vain assault I brave :
 I know thee, Lord, nor slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

O cast my errors from thy fight,
 And let them pass away,
 Unheeded as a watch by night,
 Or as a cloud by day.

So while in secret thought arraign'd,
 O'er my past life I go,
 And mark how oft I urg'd thy hand
 To strike th' avenging blow,

So oft shall my repeated lays
 My thankful heart declare,
 And joy to celebrate thy praise,
 Whose mercy deign'd to spare.

THE LORD'S PRAYER PARAPHRASED.

FATHER of all! whose seat of rest
 In highest heav'n is rear'd,
 Thy name by ev'ry tongue be blest,
 By ev'ry heart rever'd.

Let earth to thy Messiah's throne
 Its just subjection yield:
 Here, as in heav'n, thy will be known;
 Here, as in heav'n, fulfill'd.

With bread sufficient to the day
 Our mortal frame supply;
 And feed the soul that moves our clay
 With manna from on high.

While, conscious of the debt we owe,
 We bow the humble knee,
 That mercy we to others shew
 Descend on us from thee.

Do thou our erring feet secure;
 O lead us far from ill:
 And keep us upright, just, and pure,
 In act, in word, and will.

Hear, Lord! for power supreme is thine;
 Thine, glory, worship, praise:
 Nor nature's bounds thy reign confine,
 Nor numbers time thy days.

THE INVITATION.

AWAKE, my fair, the morning springs,
 The dew-drops glance around,
 The heifer lows, the blackbird sings,
 Th' echoing vales resound.

The simple sweets would Stella taste,
 That breathing morning yields,
 The fragrance of the flow'ry waste,
 And freshness of the fields;

By uplands, and the greenwood-side,
 We'll take our early way,
 And view the valley spreading wide,
 And op'ning with the day.

Nor uninstruative shall the scene
 Unfold its charms in vain,
 The fallow brown, the meadow green,
 The mountain and the plain,

Each dew-drop glitt'ning on the thorn,
 And trembling to its fall,
 Each blush that paints the cheek of morn,
 In fancy's ear shall call,

" O ye in youth and beauty's pride,
 " Who lightly dance along,
 " While laughter frolicks at your side,
 " And rapture tunes your song;

" What tho' each grace around you play,
 " Each beauty bloom for you,
 " Warm as the blush of rising day,
 " And sparkling as the dew:

" The blush that glows so gaily now,
 " But glows to disappear;
 " And quiv'ring from the bending bough,
 " Soon breaks the pearly tear!

" So pass the beauties of your prime,
 " That e'en in blooming die;
 " So, shrinking at the blast of time,
 " The treach'rous graces fly."

Let those, my Stella, flight the strain,
 Who fear to find it true!
 Each fair of transient beauty vain,
 And youth as transient too!

With charms that win beyond the fight,
 And hold the willing heart,
 My Stella shall await their flight,
 Nor sigh when they depart.

Still graces shall remain behind,
 And beauties still controul,
 The graces of the polish'd mind
 And beauties of the soul.

AN INVITATION TO THE FEATHERED RACE, 1763.

WRITTEN AT CLAVERTON, NEAR BATH.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
 Fresh verdure decks the grove,
 Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
 And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
 And shun the noon-tide heat;
 My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
 My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
 Or weave the mossy nest;
 Here rove and sing the live-long day,
 At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,
 That trickles down the glade,
 Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
 And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
 E'er shews his ruddy face,
 Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
 In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs,
 Secure the linnet sings,
 The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
 To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt,
 The distant woods among,
 And round my friendly grotto chaunt
 Thy sweetly-plaintive song.

Let not the harmless red-breast fear,
 Domestic bird, to come
 And seek a sure asylum here,
 With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
 Shall store of fruit preserve;
 Oh let me thus your friendship bribe!
 Come feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
 To you these plums belong;
 Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
 But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made,
 Our mutual interests guard;
 Mine be the gift of fruit, and shade,
 Your songs be my reward.

*UNDER AN HOUR-GLASS, IN A GROTTO, NEAR
 THE WATER AT CLAVERTON.*

THIS bubbling stream not uninstruative flows,
 Nor idly loiters to its destin'd main;
 Each flower it feeds that on its margin grows,
 And bids thee blush, whose days are spent in vain.

Nor void of moral, tho' unheeded glides
 Time's current stealing on with silent haste;
 For lo! each falling sand his folly chides,
 Who lets one precious moment run to waste.

A MORAL THOUGHT.

THRO' groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
Low vales, and mossy cells among,
In silent paths the careless rill,
With languid murmurs, steals along:

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
And ling'ring leaves its native plain,
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide,
Through silent scenes, obscurely calm,
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
Nor honour's sanguinary palm.

When labour tires and pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled be,
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

WINTER PROSPECTS IN THE COUNTRY.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN LONDON, 1756.

WHILE thee the city's crowded scenes detain,
 By Thames's banks on London's smoky plain,
 Where spacious streets their peopled length extend,
 And pompous domes, and lofty spires ascend;
 Far diff'rent views for us the country yields,
 Deserted roads, and unfrequented fields;
 For here the tyrant winter holds command,
 And bids rude tempests desolate the land;
 He frowns—the pow'r of vegetation dies,
 Frosts bind the earth, and tempests rend the skies;
 Or driving snows descend, or pouring rains,
 Or chilling vapours hover o'er the plains.
 Sometimes awhile the hoary tyrant sleeps,
 Hid in his cave beneath the wat'ry deeps;
 The distant sun extends a cheering ray,
 Bright smile the skies, and soft the breezes play.
 Then airy lawns the morning walk invite,
 And rural landscapes charm the roving sight;
 Mix'd with brown stubble, leafless woods are seen,
 And neat-plough'd furrows clad in scanty green;
 While turbid waters, edg'd with yellow reeds,
 Wind thro' the ruflet herd-forfaken meads;

And groves that winter's fiercest rage disdain
 In fair plantations deck the shelter'd plain.
 There painted hollies with red berries glow,
 And their broad leaves the shining laurels show;
 And pines and firs their varied verdure blend,
 And cedars spread, and cypresses ascend.
 Pleas'd with the scene, I range from field to field,
 'Till loftier lands remoter prospects yield,
 And there the curious optic tube apply,
 Till a new world approaches on the eye;
 Till where dark wood the hill's slop'd surface shrouds,
 Or the blue summit mingles with the clouds;
 There fair enclosures lie of varied hue,
 And trees and houses rise, distinct to view.

But this too oft th' inclement clime denies,
 Involv'd in misty or in wat'ry skies;
 And yet e'en then with books engag'd I find
 A sweet amusement for th' exploring mind;
 Of these most charms the poet's tuneful strain,
 To kindred spirits never sung in vain;
 There fair description shews each absent scene,
 The corn-clad mountain, and the daised green:
 There over distant lands my fancy roves,
 Thro' India's cany isles and palmy groves;
 Where clear streams wander thro' luxuriant vales,
 Midst cloudless skies and ever-tepid gales;
 While spring sits smiling in her brightest bloom,
 And calls around her ev'ry rich perfume.

Such are th' employments may his time divide,
 Whom rural shades from scenes of business hide;
 While o'er his ear unnotic'd glide away
 The noise and nonsense of the passing day.

HYMN FROM PSALM LXV.

PRAISE to th' Almighty Lord of heaven arise,
 Who fix'd the mountains, and who spread the skies;
 Who o'er his works extends paternal care,
 Whose kind protection all the nations share;
 From the glad climes whence morn in beauty drest,
 Forth goes rejoicing to the farthest west;
 On him alone their whole dependence lies,
 And his rich mercy ev'ry want supplies.
 O thou great Author of th' extended whole!
 Revolving seasons praise thee as they roll.
 By thee, spring, summer, autumn, winter, rise;
 Thou giv'st the frowning, thou the smiling skies:
 By thy command the soft'ning show'r distils,
 Till genial warmth the teeming furrow fills;
 Then fav'ring sunshine o'er the clime extends,
 And blest by thee, the verdant blade ascends:
 Next spring's gay products clothe the flow'ry hills,
 And joy the wood, and joy the valley fills;

Then soon thy bounty swells the golden ear,
 And bids the harvest crown the fruitful year:
 Thus all thy works conspicuous worship raise,
 And nature's face proclaims her Maker's praise.

SONNET.

APOLOGY FOR RETIREMENT.

WHY asks my friend, what cheers my passing day,
 Where these lone fields my rural home enclose;
 That all the pomp the crowded city shows,
 Ne'er from that home allures my steps away?

Now thro' the upland shade I musing stray,
 Now catch the gale that o'er the woodbine blows,
 Now in the meads on river banks repose,
 And breathe rich odour from the new-mown hay;

Now pleas'd I read the poet's lofty lay,
 Where music fraught with useful knowledge flows;
 Now Delia's converse makes the moments gay,
 The maid for love and innocence I chose:
 O friend! the man who joys like these can taste,
 On vice and folly needs no hour to waste.

WRITTEN AT THE HERMITAGE AT ALDERSBROOK,
1761.

WHOE'ER thou art whom accident may bring
To these fair groves of venerable shade,
The group of tall elms, and the silver spring;
Blame not the man who these his home has made.

Hast thou not heard, that in a venal age,
Wife Scipio from the walls of Rome retir'd?
Content to muse on nature's simple page,*
And scenes, the oft'ner view'd the more admir'd.

In silence then, oft let me range the wood,
At morn's inspiring hour, or twilight grey,
And frequent sit where Roding's silver flood,
Winds thro' delightful meads its rapid way:
Ye great! unenvied 'midst your grandeur shine,
Whilst days of tranquil solitude are mine!

* In the Woods of Linternum; "Never less alone than when alone," was his favourite adage.

ADVICE TO A SHEPHERD, 1760.

SHEPHERD, seek not wealth nor power,
 Let the verdant woodbine bower,
 And the hills, and vales, and trees,
 And the lonely cottage please.

Can the gaudy gilded room
 Vie with fields in vernal bloom?
 Or Italian airs excel
 Plaintive tuneful Philomel?

Can the futile arts of dress
 Grace thy modest shepherdess,
 Happier in her humble sphere,
 Than the consort of the peer?

'Mid the city's tempting glare,
 Dwell disease, and strife, and care:
 Quit not then the rural fold,
 Nor exchange thy peace for gold.

When the sun ascending bright,
 Gilds the mountain's verdant height;
 When the moon's resplendent beam
 Spreads its lustre o'er the stream;

For the blessings of the day,
 Tributes due of worship pay
 To the Author of thy frame ;
 These his sov'reign goodness claim!

*WRITTEN AT THE END OF AUTUMN, IN THE
 YEAR 1761.*

NO longer charms the rural scene,
 Sequester'd shades and meadows green;
 Nor fields thick spread with sheaves of corn,
 Nor walks at early hour of morn.

No linnet's solitary song,
 Soft echoes now the sprays among:
 No nightingale's melodious strain
 Attracts the peasant on the plain.

The vales their cheerful green resign,
 And on their stems the flowers decline :
 No more we wish to pass the hour
 Where elms and lilacs form a bower.

The swallows quit the rural dome,
To distant, warmer climes they roam;
Where zephyrs cool and grateful show'rs
Still wake the fair autumnal flow'rs.

So fade the glories of the year!
They bloom awhile and disappear,
And, melancholy truth, fond man!
What is thy life? a flower, a span!

Father of all, tremendous pow'r!
Whom ev'ry realm and tongue adore,
Whose mandate form'd earth's spacious plain,
And the immeasurable main.

Prostrate before thy throne we bow,
Parent of circling seasons thou!
O hasten happier days, and bring
One glorious, one eternal spring.

*PETHERTON-BRIDGE.**

ELEGIAC ODE.

O BEAN! whose fond connubial days,
 A beauteous infant-race attend;
 Say, wilt thou once more aid my lays,
 And join the patron to the friend?

But not o'er bright Aonian plains,
 Enraptur'd as we us'd to roam:
 The muse each joyous thought restrains,
 And calls her wing'd ideas home.

The wedded pair for children pray;
 They come—fair blessings from the skies:
 What raptures gild the halcyon day!
 What joys in distant azure rise!

But ah! enamour'd as they view
 The smiling, hopeful, infant train,
 Unseen, misfortune marks his due,
 Unheard, he threatens the heart with pain.

* It is said, that the catastrophe alluded to in this Elegy happened about two centuries ago; of which the sculpture is yet to be seen at the above-mentioned bridge, near South-Petherton, Somerset.

Had sad disaster ne'er ensnar'd
 The soft, the innocent, and young,
 The tender muse had gladly spar'd
 The little heroes of her song.—

Seest thou the limpid current glide
 Beneath yon bridge, my hapless theme,
 Where brambles fringe its verdant side,
 And willows tremble o'er the stream?

From Petherton it takes its name,
 From whence two smiling infants stray'd:
 Led by the stream they thither came,
 And on the flow'ry margin play'd.

Sweet victims! must your short-liv'd day
 So soon extinguish in the wave;
 And point the setting sun his way,
 That glimmer'd o'er your wat'ry grave!

As each by childish fancy led,
 Cropt the broad daisies as they sprung;
 Lay stretch'd along the verdant bed,
 And sweetly ply'd the lisping tongue;

Lo! from the spray-deserted steep,
 Where either way the twigs divide,
 The one roll'd headlong to the deep,
 And plung'd beneath the closing tide.

The other saw, and from the land,
 (While nature imag'd strange distress)
 Stretch'd o'er the brink his little hand,
 The fruitless signal of redress.

The offer'd pledge, without delay,
 The struggling victim rose and caught;
 But ah! in vain—their fatal way,
 They both descended swift as thought.

Short was the wave-oppressing space;
 Convuls'd with pains too sharp to bear,
 Their lives dissolv'd in one embrace,
 Their mingled souls flew up in air.

Lo! there yon time-worn sculpture shews
 The sad, the melancholy, truth;
 What pangs the tortur'd parent knows,
 What snares await defenceless youth!

Here, not to sympathy unknown,
 Full oft the sad muse wand'ring near,
 Bends silent o'er the mossy stone,
 And wets it with a willing tear.

A HYMN.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting pow'r!
 Be my vain wishes still'd;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd;
 To thee my thoughts would soar:
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
 That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see;
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferr'd by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in pray'r.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
 My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye without a tear
 The low'ring storm shall see:
 My stedfast heart shall know no fear;
 That heart will rest on thee!

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM LXXIV. Verse 16, 17.

MY God! all nature owns thy fway;
 Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day!
 When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
 When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
 And bathes in dew the op'ning flow'r,
 To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
 And when she pours her choral song,
 Her melodies to thee belong!

Or when, in paler tints array'd,
 The ev'ning slowly spreads her shade;
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
 Can, more than day's enliv'ning bloom,
 Still every fond, and vain desire,
 And calmer, purer, thoughts inspire;
 From earth the pensive spirit free,
 And lead the soften'd heart to thee.

In every scene thy hands have drest,
In every form by thee imprest,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread ;
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The caverns depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise and love.

As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And sooth, with change of blifs, the soul,
Oh, never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human scene in vain !
But oft as on the charm we gaze,
Attune the wond'ring soul to praise ;
And be the joys that most we prize,
Those joys that from thy favour rise !

ON THE DEATH OF DR. LEVET.

CONDEMN'D to hope's delusive mine
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
 See LEVET to the grave descend;
 Officious, innocent, sincere,
 Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
 Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
 Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
 And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
 His vig'rous remedy display'd
 The power of art without the show.

In mis'ry's darkest caverns, known,
 His useful care was ever nigh,
 Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
 And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
 No petty gain disdain'd by pride,
 The modest wants of ev'ry day
 The toil of ev'ry day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
 And sure th' Eternal Master found
 The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
 His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
 Tho' now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no throbbing fiery pain,
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And forc'd his soul the nearest way.

A HYMN.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O! Happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years,
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honour, bright appears.

She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise
 So her rewards increafe;
 Her ways are ways of pleafantnefs,
 And all her paths are peace.

ON RELIGION.

O Blefs'd religion, heav'nly fair,
 Thy kind, thy healing pow'r,
 Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,
 And gild each gloomy hour.

When difmal thoughts, and boding fears,
 The trembling heart invade,
 And all the face of nature wears
 An univerfal shade,

Thy facred dictates can affuage
 The tempeft of my foul;
 And ev'ry fear fhall lofe its rage,
 At thy divine controul.

Through life's bewilder'd darkfome way
 Thy hand unerring leads;
 And o'er the path thy heav'nly ray
 A cheering luftre fheds.

When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
 Sinks helpless and afraid,
 Thou best Supporter of the mind,
 How pow'rful is thy aid!

O! let my heart confess thy pow'r,
 And find thy sweet relief,
 To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
 And soften ev'ry grief.

SUMMER MORNING.

WHEN now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
 And, from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step
 Brown night retires: young day pours in apace,

And opens all the lawny prospects wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward : while along the forest-glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes
 The native voice of undissembled joy;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the moon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due, and sacred song?
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wife?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life:
 Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul;
 Or else to feverish vanity alive,
 Wilder'd and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams.
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain,
 Longer than nature craves; when every muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?

A WINTER PIECE,

AT COPENHAGEN.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
 From streams that northern winds forbid to flow,
 What present shall the muse to DORSET bring,
 Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
 The hoary winter here conceals from sight
 All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
 The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
 The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,
 By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
 And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle-breathing breeze prepares the spring;
 No birds within the desert region sing;
 The ships unmov'd the boist'rous winds defy,
 While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly;
 The vast leviathan wants room to play,
 And spout his waters in the face of day.
 The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
 And to the moon in icy vallies howl.
 For many a shining league the level main
 Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:

There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately, have I seen e'en here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasure'd snow,
Or winds began through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unfully'd froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes.
For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds the wat'ry marshes yield,
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies:

The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
 And in a spangled shower the prospect ends.
 Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
 And by degrees unbind the wint'ry charm,
 The traveller a miry country sees,
 And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.

TO SOLITUDE.

THOU gentle nurse of pleasing wo!
 To thee, from crowds, and noise, and show,
 With eager haste I fly.
 Thrice welcome, friendly Solitude!
 O let no busy foot intrude
 Nor list'ning ear be nigh.

Soft, silent, melancholy maid!
 With thee to yon sequester'd shade
 My pensive steps I bend;
 Still, at the mild approach of night,
 When Cynthia lends her sober light
 Do thou my walk attend!

To thee alone my conscious heart
 Its tender sorrow dares impart,
 And ease my lab'ring breast;
 To thee I trust the rising sigh,
 And bid the tear that swells mine eye
 No longer be suppress'd.

With thee among the haunted groves
 The sweet enthusiast Fancy roves:
 O let me find her here!
 For she can time and space controul,
 And swift transport my fleeting soul
 To all it holds most dear!

Ah no! ye vain delusions hence!
 No more the hallow'd influence
 Of solitude pervert!
 Shall Fancy cheat the precious hour,
 Sacred to Wisdom's awful pow'r
 And calm reflection's part?

O Wisdom! from the sea-beat shore,
 Where, list'ning to the solemn roar,
 Thy lov'd Eliza strays,
 Vouchsafe to visit my retreat,
 And teach my erring trembling feet,
 Thy heav'n-protected ways!

O guide me to the humble cell
 Where resignation loves to dwell,
 Contentment's bow'r in view;
 Nor pining grief with absence drear,
 Nor sick suspense, nor anxious fear,
 Shall there my steps pursue.

There let my soul to Him aspire
 Whom none e'er sought with vain desire,
 Nor lov'd in sad despair!
 There, to his gracious will divine
 My dearest, fondest hope resign,
 And all my tend'rest care!

Then peace shall heal this wounded breast,
 That pants to see another blest,
 From selfish passion pure;
 Peace, which when human wishes rise
 Intense, for aught beneath the skies,
 Can never be secure.

FINIS.

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